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THE TWO PRAYERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

"I tell you this man went down to his house justified, rather than the other."

Up through the air of morning,
Past nave and groined roof, there
Ascended from the pulpit
A long and learned prayer:
For the President and nation,
The lost in foreign lands,
Per mea in every station,
The preacher raised his hands.

In verbose words and learned
He told the Lord each sin,
And sought with flowery language
The wandering souls to win!
Methought, in pity smiling,
This one day out of seven
He heard who said: "Our Father,
Father who art in heaven."

* * * * *

Within a lowly cottage
Another prayer was raised—
An upturned face, and holy,
On which the angels gazed—
With thin lips, old and withered,
And eyes with sorrow dim,
Offer'd a poor and faltering
And humble prayer to Him.

She prayed not for the nations
Unshriven and unblest—
Her heartfelt prayer was offered
For those she loved the best;
For Want had been her teacher,
And this the prayer she said:
"O Thou, our heavenly Shepherd,
Give us our daily bread!"

Angels took up the whisper,
And bore it on to Him
Around whose Throne of Glory
Stand saint and cherubim—
Echoed her words of meekness
Beyond the morning sun:
"Still not my will, O Father!
Father, Thy will be done!"

* * * * *

The preacher ceased his praying,
The widow ceased her prayer;
The voice of benediction
Fell softly on the air.
The organ note and chorus
Into sweet silence died:
The widow, not the preacher,
Was heard, and gratified.

THE MISSING PACKET;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF WILTON'S WISH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY WALTER EDGAR M'CANN.

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CHAPTER I.

TRAVELERS ARRIVE.

It was quite true that the expected guests had arrived, and were now within the stately and rather solemn precincts of Wilton's Wish—so tall and majestic in the rosy sunlight of the dying day. For there, standing at the fireplace, and enjoying that gentle warmth which is so pleasant after an experience out-of-doors, this sort of autumn weather, is Mr. Kendryn—already at home in this vast chamber, the most capacious in the south wing, and probably the most preferable in other respects. He has one elbow on the chimney-piece, his right hand plays with his watch-chain, and he is looking rather thoughtfully into space. Behind that wrinkled brow what images march to and fro? Those large gray eyes, at whose corners the crows have roosted for many a day, look dull and fathomless; and is there not something a little stern in the expression of the thin lips?

The very handsome young gentleman, whom we have already observed moving about in the adjoining room, now appears at the open doorway, and are enabled to obtain a much better view of him. We see that he cannot be much over twenty-one years of age—that he is tall and very slender, but has an air of peculiar grace and refinement; that he has dark eyes and hair, and a face of marked oval cut, and that, probably most striking feature of his undeniable beauty is the incessant play of expression over his rather pallid countenance. This is Roy Bellington.

"Come in, Roy," says his companion, awaking from his reverie. "I am glad they remembered that it is Summer is gone, even in Florida, and quite yet upon us. This bit of fire is a fine thought. And now," he adds suddenly, and with a shrewd smile, "how do we like it so far at Wilton's Wish? Pretty place, isn't it?"

"Beautiful," assented Roy, coming in and closing the door. "There is a kind of melancholy tinge over everything, to my fancy; but that gives an Old World light, which is very romantic, and certainly very pleasant. But what a curious name—Wilton's Wish!"

"Yes; but all such ancient estates have odd names. I think I have heard the legend of how this. The Arnolds, you know, were the original proprietors, and one of them—Wilton—when old Sir Richard died, was dissatisfied with the division of the property; and I believe he hungered for this place always afterward, until his brother was accidentally killed, and he got it. Then, of course, he had his wish; but it proved an apple of sodom, for he had to murder his brother—and—and—I forget how it all ended. At any rate, there was a moral to the story. It is but a misty memory with me—so long, you know, since I read or heard about it. And so you are pleased?"

"Very much. What a view we have from our windows—though I must confess I can't discern much of the scenery just at present. How long has Mr. Oswynd lived here?"

"Oh, for years! He and Percival Redgrave shut themselves up alone, and devoted their entire attention to those mysterious researches which gave them the name of madmen. Oswynd was the only man in the world that Percival ever agreed with longer than three days—simply because they were perpetually disagreeing. It would be difficult to say which had the worse temper of was the more opinionated. They quarrelled all the time, you know, was a common ground, and here they could both stand by the very reason of their mutual antagonism."

Roy smiled.

"How so?" he asked.

"Well, Percival believed in spirit intercourse, and was determined to convince Oswynd. Oswynd did not believe in it, and was bent upon shaking Percival's faith. So for years they lived here together incessantly quarreling, and the most amicable pair in existence!"

Mr. Kendryn now smiled too, and Roy laughed heartily.

"What a pity they could not agree," said the latter.

"Not at all; for, had they agreed, that would have ended their friendship; and," added Kendryn, with a darker look, "we should have had no secret packet to be opened to-morrow."

At the reference to the Secret Packet, Roy Bellington became likewise grave. For a few seconds following, the pause in the dialogue was marked.

"I half wish they had agreed, then," said Roy, with a sigh. "I think the whole thing great nonsense. What can Miss Ashdale think of it?"

Mr. Kendryn shook his head.

"We shall know all in good time; but you must not be foolish, Roy. A fortune such as Percival Redgrave left does not go long a-begging, and I think I know someone who would give a round sum to have your chance. But chance, Roy? it is not chance." Here the chance that I should not please Miss Ashdale, you know," said Roy, a little distantly. "A marriage by will is a most hazardous experiment. All the money in the world could not make us happy, if we did not like each other."

"Money can do anything for people at your age, Roy. I promise you I shall have no Quixotism. Percival Redgrave's money is left to his stepdaughter, Beatrice Ashdale, and you, Roy Bellington—the son of his friend once—a man whom he had wronged, we judge. The only condition annexed is the marriage between you. Is that hard? Beatrice Ashdale is a beautiful girl—accomplished and refined—all that could be desired. Now, you are not exactly an ogre, Roy, and it is fair to think Miss Beatrice will not very strongly object."

"Well," replied Roy, with another sigh, "if we don't like each other sufficiently well to marry, Miss Ashdale will be given an allowance, and I may take the remainder with her cousin, Miss Ernestine. Thus I have another chance."

"And, if Miss Ernestine should object, the fortune will still be yours if you marry Percival's niece, Miss Ursula. You see the object of that, Roy—it is to have you marry, as I may say, in the Redgrave family. There you have three opportunities! But I am pretty certain you will choose the first," added Mr. Kendryn confidently. "Beatrice is a lovely girl, and with her you get all—everything—don't you see? While if you wed either of the others you lose a very respectable portion of the gift, which, if I can prevent, Roy, I certainly don't intend you shall lose."

"And that absurd packet," said Roy, with a laugh. "What a melodramatic proviso! I wager anything that I know the contents already—nothing at all! A hoax!"

"No, no, Roy," replied his friend, with kindly firmness. "There is a mystery in all this affair, and the packet contains, I feel certain, some startling revelation. What the nature of it is, I am at a loss to conjecture. Just reflect for a moment," Mr. Kendryn raised his forefinger in counsel fashion. "Percival Redgrave dies, having made his will, as we know; but he also leaves behind him a secret paper which is to be kept until you have reached your twenty-first year—and Miss Ashdale her twentieth. Then that paper is to be opened and read to you both. If after hearing its contents you are satisfied to marry, the wedding must be celebrated and you get the fortune. Oswynd has held this secret document with jealous care. He knows what is in it; but he has never hinted any portion of his knowledge to mortal being. He will read the paper to you and Beatrice to-morrow—your twenty-first birthday. Myself and Archbald Redgrave will be the only other auditors and witnesses. Now, is it likely to suppose that all this parade and ceremony would be brought about merely for the sake of a practical joke which the perpetrator could never enjoy, being cold in his grave long before. Is it likely that a man of Oswynd's character would lend himself to the accomplishment of any such absurdity? No. The paper contains some unsuspected secret, the nature of which I dare not even conjecture."

"And Archbald Redgrave—has he no guess?" asked the young man.

A little cloud overspread Kendryn's features. Perhaps he did not like Archbald Redgrave, who was in this house, too—a guest who had come more than two months ago. There was, possibly, something unpleasant and even officious in such extraordinary promptitude. Roy's question evidently gave his friend a sudden twinge of pain.

Before he could reply there was a tap at the door, and a servant appeared to announce that, his physician having left, Mr. Oswynd was now free to receive Mr. Kendryn.

"Take a walk about the grounds, Roy. I think you will also be sent for presently," said the lawyer; and with his grave smile he followed the servant.

Roy sat musing for a long while. Here was this romance on the eve of a beginning—what would be the end? Things seemed to be passing in a dream. And this marriage—what a leap in the dark! With all the immense fortune, could there be anything but misery for them both?

Rather more melancholy than before, the young man rose and left the room to find his way below. Just at the foot of the staircase, under the paneled picture of the goddesses and the apple, a young lady coming from the room on the left stood, suddenly and in surprise, face to face with him. The light there fell from a single window some distance behind, and was dim, but still sufficient. Roy saw that this young lady was very handsome—fair and somewhat stately, but graceful as that Diana in the painting over her golden head. We have our intuitions sometimes at such moments as this; and Roy instinctively knew he was standing—a little shyly, it must be confessed—in the presence of Beatrice Ashdale.

Perhaps, under the circumstances, nothing could have been more embarrassing than such an abrupt encounter as this. Each of these young people—now in a sense so widely apart, and soon to be so closely united—recognized the other. Roy would have bowed and passed on, but Beatrice, recovering a little, said:

"I am afraid you will lose your way if you walk about without a guide. You don't know what a mystery the Wish is."

This pleasant speech set him quite at his ease. He saw that she knew him; and now he reflected that the formality of an introduction hereafter, which he had so much dreaded, would be unnecessary. He smiled.

"I was about to take a little walk in the grounds; but I fear it is too late, is it not?" The clock in the corridor above pealed forth sonorously as he spoke. "My friend is with Mr. Oswynd, and I shall probably be sent for in a few moments—and, perhaps," he added suddenly, "I had better, after all, return to my room."

"Won't you come in here?" said Beatrice, placing her slim and pretty hand on the knob of the door she had just closed.

He might have obeyed mechanically; but there was just then a light rustling sound as of a dress, and the figure of another person took shape out of the twilight. The arrival was so unexpected and noiseless that Roy was startled. Perhaps Beatrice, also, was surprised.

Roy discerned a thin, angular woman, probably forty years of age. She wore a ghostly drab dress and a peculiar hood that was almost like a cowl, and she approached as silently as a spectre. Without a word or sign, she struck a match and lighted the three candles that stood on a tripod at one side of the picture of the "Contest for the Apple," thus illuminating the neighborhood very agreeably; and in another moment she was gone again. This peculiar interruption left Roy staring somewhat awkwardly after her, and then he caught the eye of Beatrice, and both laughed heartily. They were friends at once—neither any longer ill at ease.

"She frightened you, I know," said Beatrice.

"A little," assented the young man.

"It is only Delia Pin, who acts as housekeeper while Uncle Archbald is here. Except her habit of moving through the house so quietly, there is nothing alarming about her. On the contrary, she is very good-natured, I think, and, I am sure, very pious."

"Pious?" queried Roy, curious.

"Yes; ever a kind of ascetic," replied Beatrice more earnestly. "Poor thing, she—you must not laugh—she performs dreadful penances, my cousin Ursula tells me—all in the solitude of her own room and in the silence of the night. One would take her to be not altogether right in her mind; but she is perfectly harmless."

"She reminds me of a nun."

"Yes; in that gray dress and with that odd-looking hood on her head; but there is a reason why she wears it. She is so strange that even I am sometimes afraid of her: and you must not be alarmed if you hear footsteps in the corridors when everyone has retired. She sleeps very little, but, when everyone else is asleep, goes through the house telling her beads and meditating—and very often she passes whole nights in the north wing, where there is a little oratory and chapel. No one else ever goes there, because"—Beatrice laughed—"it is haunted."

"There never was an old place like this yet that did not have its haunted chamber and its ghost," said Roy. "I shall make it a point to investigate the north wing."

"You will find nothing there, I think, but Delia Pin's oratory; and"—the young lady hesitated—"I believe my uncle does not wish anyone to go there. He has said so."

Roy wondered what on earth Archbald Redgrave had to do with fixing the bounds for the inhabitants of Wilton's Wish, and he recalled some of Mr. Kendryn's dim hints of suspicion and distrust.

"And our guardian?"

"Oh, he takes very little interest in what passes outside of his own apartment, which he never quits. He leaves the management of everything to Uncle Archibald, who is much more practical. Altogether, we are a peculiar community, and you will wonder at many things you see here."

Roy was already wondering within himself; but nothing of that surprise appeared on his smiling and handsome face.

"And don't you find it dull sometimes!" he asked. "This appears to me a very monastic existence for a young lady."

"But you forget I have not long left the convent where I was at school. Besides, my cousin Ursula is so lively that the time flies very swiftly. We have many things to do, and long walks to take, and sometimes long rides, and the days go by very agreeably."

"You must show me all the sights to-morrow."

The sentence slipped from him before he was aware of it. To-morrow the packet was to be read—and then? Where he was and with whom he was holding this pleasant converse recurred abruptly, and he came out of cloudland.

He found himself no longer doubtful upon the question whether he should like the beautiful girl who was so oddly willed by her stepfather to be his wife. Could fortune bestow a lovelier gift upon any man? But there was an uneasy sense in his breast that, perhaps, her feeling was very different from his own. She knew very well who he was, and was talking with him very frankly and graciously; but that proved very little. His knowledge of young ladies was but limited, and with the shyness of youth, spent so far pretty much alone, he was not sanguine. And so now, all of a sudden, he felt depressed and uncomfortable.

"To-morrow," she said, hesitating, "we may not have time."

"Another day will do as well," he returned, with a sigh, thinking how much he would give to be able to see into the seeds of time and know the fruit they would bear. "Your Uncle Archbald—is he kind and good?" he asked, with another thought.

"Very kind—and I believe no one loves me so well, except Ursula; but he is so precise that I was afraid of him at first. He gave me so many directions and watched me so attentively that it was quite school-discipline again; but everything was intended for my own good, I am sure, and I do not find it irksome."

Again that almost angry feeling of unreasonable resentment came over Roy; but what could be more natural than that Archbald Redgrave should have a careful guard upon his dead brother's child? Someone must exercise active authority, since Beatrice's proper guardian, the invalid and eccentric Mr. Oswynd, was condemned to remain inactive in his room.

Nevertheless Roy had a secret feeling that no such authority should be exercised over himself. Matters would be altogether different after the reading of the packet to-morrow. Both he and Beatrice would learn the secret, and they might act as they pleased. For himself, he could form no conjectures now; but if she should decide not to accept him as her husband, there was nothing to follow but the division of the property, and the immediate finding of her cousin Ernestine. Beatrice might then go away with her uncle, if she pleased, and wait for the wooing of a knight more to her fancy. But with Ernestine's noble gentleman, Archbald Redgrave, would have nothing to do.

Roy had never inquired of his friend Kendryn as to the whereabouts of Ernestine Ashdale. Indeed, the whole affair, before the last few months, had been to him a matter of little interest. He had contrived to put off thinking about it, devoting himself to his books and dreams of quite another sort. He knew that his future was already planned out, and that he need not trouble himself before the time came; and it is very certain he often regretted this kindness on the part of fate, and thought it a mistake. Are the heirs to kingdoms always transported with ecstasy at the contemplation of the glories that one day assuredly await them? Is there not a pang in the very knowledge of what is to be, of what seems inevitable? Better, perchance, the closed book and the mystery.

CHAPTER II.

ROY BECOMES BETTER ACQUAINTED.

"And now," said Beatrice, turning the knob, "you really must come in, and you shall see my uncle and cousin, and judge of them for yourself;" and with this she opened the door.

He followed her as she entered the room, and his eye fell upon two figures seated at a little centre-table, on which stood a chess-board. One of them rose—a tall, apostolic-looking man, with gray hair and smooth, pale face, deep and cold gray eyes. There was something singularly austere, and even monkish, in his appearance—something in his expression unfathomable. Some people, as we know, have a kind of magnetism about them that is irresistibly attractive, though they speak not a word; while there are others whose influence is repellant. They are persons with whom it is impossible to become intimate, or even to speak freely to. The aura of an icy repulsion seemed to rise between Roy Bellington and this tall, pale man, as they advanced toward each other upon a mutual impulse; and when they shook hands it was like the salutation of duellists.

"This is a sincere pleasure, Mr. Bellington," said Mr. Redgrave, in a strange, sweet voice—so sweet as to seem almost unnatural. "I am glad that you and Beatrice have already become acquainted—and by some happy accident, was it not? My daughter, sir."

Roy bowed to Miss Ursula, who returned it with a demure smile, and immediately attempted to conceal it by pushing all her chess-men together. She was a very pretty girl—not half so tall as Beatrice—but plump and rosy and rather roguish; and was there not something just a little slyly in her handsome eyes as she tumbled the bishops and castles and knights about, peeping all the while at Roy?

"I have just been fatiguing Ursula with a game of chess," continued her father. "Our resources for amusement are so limited here that we sometimes choose desperate methods of killing time. You have not seen Mr. Oswynd yet?"

"Not yet, sir. I expect to be sent for every moment," answered Roy.

"You will find him a little peculiar, perhaps; but she the kindest and best of men. You must know him a little while, you will pronounce him properly. Ursula was dreadfully afraid of him at first; but now they are warm friends. He has a temper—a sad temper—when aroused; but with a little management no one is easier to control."

"It takes a great deal of management, papa," said Ursula, speaking up brightly. "One must learn how."

There was something ingenuous and true about this young girl that struck Roy, though advanced only this short distance on the road to her acquaintance. She uttered her little speech with the kind of bluntness that seems to go very plainly, he thought, how little she knew of the world's caution. Perhaps he was not very well versed in the diplomacies of daily life himself; but he had an idea that young ladies do not utter all they have reason to believe, nor quite what their secret beliefs; and so he began to think that he and Miss Ursula should be very soon good friends.

Archbald Redgrave assented to what his daughter had said with a kindly, paternal smile, and began speaking of Mr. Oswynd's peculiarities in detail. For himself, he detested eccentricity—thought it usually affectation and always inappropriate. The human society was far from perfect. No doubt his own practical, matter-of-fact ways were as objectionable to others as their foibles were to him.

And so he made quite a little dissertation upon this text, the others paying the tribute of a word or two at intervals; and Roy, listening, smiled inwardly at the recollection of Kendryn's distrust—the result of professional habit, and not founded upon actual reason.

The piano was open, and in a short time Mr. Redgrave asked Beatrice to sing. He selected something from the pile of music, and seated her while she struck the first few notes of the introduction. Roy found himself beside Ursula, aiding her, at her request, to put away the implements of the interrupted game.

"Don't you notice that Beatrice is very nervous?" she said.

"No, indeed," he answered, surprised.

"She is dreading the summons to Mr. Oswynd's room, where they are going to talk about that tiresome secret packet. She will be ill to-morrow, I wager, when the mystery comes out."

"I hope not."

"Hoping won't do any good," replied Ursula bluntly. "I know one thing—that I wouldn't worry over such nonsense."

"But why should she worry," asked Roy, perplexed, as the clear voice of Beatrice rang out suddenly and clearly.

"Can't you tell? How dull men are! She is dying with curiosity. I believe she would give half her life to know what is hidden in that paper—to know in advance, I mean. Now, I wouldn't give a pin."

"Well, I should like to know myself," replied the young man, very much amused. "But perhaps you misjudge."

"Do I? Hasn't she been questioning me about my guesses twenty times in an hour all day long? She has worked herself into a perfect fever over it all. I dare say it is a humbug."

"Just my own opinion."

"I hope it is—that it can't be anything else; but she is—is afraid. You may expect to see her faint to-morrow when they tear the paper open."

"Hardly that."

"Very well; only wait. Nothing should trouble me to that extent, I can assure you."

Roy became more and more doubtful. Ursula Redgrave's candor had given him several new ideas—some not agreeable.

"Suppose," he said, "this secret should be actually something very shocking—what would Miss Ashdale do?"

"I don't know—hate to think, almost," replied Ursula, tapping her pretty chin rather meditatively. "She is very willful. But I can tell you this—and I shall speak plainly, for that's my way—if there should be anything in it connected with—you know what—the *marriage*, no marriage would take place. She would run away, rather."

"Without consulting anyone?" asked Roy, meaning himself.

"Yes; perhaps to avoid consultation. You have no idea yet of her character. She is suffering everything at this moment, though no one would suppose so from her music. Ever since she came from the convent her mind has been upon the meeting with you, and upon what must follow from the reading of the secret packet."

"I wish she knew me better," sighed Roy.

"She is sensitive and peculiar, and I am afraid you can't understand how she feels at the contemplation of a marriage by will to a person she never knew. To remember at the same time that there is a mystery hanging over the affair—that she has still left a certain kind of option in the matter—is particularly painful."

"I think I understand, Miss Redgrave," said Roy gloomily. "Perhaps you can as cleverly interpret my own feelings."

Ursula laughed.

"No; I have just this minute made your acquaintance. I know and can describe Beatrice's character so well because I have been studying it and contrasting it with my own. Now, I, as I have said, should feel very differently about all this. In the first place, the marriage by will should not be submitted either as a dreadful ordeal or as a kindly provision of fate, until I had heard all about the contents of the secret paper; and I should repress my curiosity in regard to that till the time for revelation came."

"I wish I could govern mine," returned the young man. "But let me ask you, as a friend—a new friend, you know; but not debarred—one question, perhaps a little impertinent; How do you think I am viewed so far—as a monster?"

Pretty Ursula burst out laughing and shook her head.

"I did not suppose you would ask me anything like that."

"When I entered the room I should not have dreamed of doing so either; but in the last few minutes you have spoken so frankly that I have gained courage. It does not seem that I meet you for the first time in my life this evening."

"So much for my want of reserve in the presence of strangers—particularly young gentlemen, who, I suspect, need very little to make them bold."

"If I have sinned, impose the penance."

"No; I am not offended. It is only natural that you wish my opinion about how she likes you; but I shall not give it, Mr. Bellington. I must not judge so hastily."

"I should not take her to be governed much by first impressions; and I think she is a little cold, is she not?"

"Not so ardent as I am, certainly; but, as to the other, I really cannot say. She is not herself now, and you must be careful how you make up your mind about her. She is rather a queer kind," said Ursula gravely, "the place may be in part responsible for that; and then, perhaps, she is a little morbid naturally. Her father—my uncle—possessed a melancholy temperament, and Beatrice saw a good deal of him when her character was forming."

"Have you made any conjecture as to the nature of it?"

"It has baffled me—I have made none," said Roy. "I have preferred to think about it as little as possible, because I knew all guessing must prove fruitless. I have endeavored to wait patiently."

"That's well," said Oswynd, with a sonorous purr of satisfaction and a kindlier light in his eye. "I was not intended that you should know anything, nor have the smallest clue. There was a reason for this secrecy, you understand—a good reason—else you would not find *me* mixed up with it. When I became the trustee of the packet I was also intrusted with the knowledge of its contents. That knowledge is locked up in my breast, and, when it was confided there, the key was thrown away. Therefore, when you learn the secret to-morrow, you obtain it, not from *me* in any sense, but simply from the document confided to my care by Percival Redgrave."

Roy bowed.

"I have told Beatrice the same thing. I should never have acted as trustee but for my friendship—I may even say, my indebtedness—to Percival Redgrave. But to-morrow the obligation ceases."

He fumbled in his breast a moment and then drew forth an oblong envelope with a large red seal. It was the Secret Packet. This singular document thus unexpectedly produced concentrated everyone's attention. Even Delia Pin looked towards it. There was large, firm handwriting on the back, which Oswynd now read:

"This paper is confided to the care of Mark Oswynd, and must not be opened till October the ninth, 18—, between the hours of eight and noon. It shall then be read in the presence of the witnesses and in accordance with the directions named in my last will and testament. Signed, Percival Redgrave."

"Very devoid of legal jargon, you see," said Oswynd, "and yet very explicit." He broke the seal in strict conformity with his desires. And now it only remains for me to warn you, Roy Bellington and Beatrice Ashdale, that this letter left by the dead will reveal to you a secret, whose nature you do not suspect and cannot fathom by speculation. If you have been wise, I think well—I implore you to think well," he continued in a tone of measured and intense solemnity, "before you move a finger to act!"

Beatrice was paler than before, and her fingers twitched nervously. She was looking down into the fire kindled and watching it with a slight frown. Perhaps she read some dismal fatality in the hieroglyphs of the glowing coals, and saw there the symbolic lights and shadows of the future. But Roy was unmoved. Perchance he was growing more indifferent than before.

Oswyn, in the silence that had followed his last words, returned the packet whence it had come.

"For so many a month to-day I have wondering what would follow from the reading of this packet," he said, tapping his breast, and with a kind of sarcastic amusement breaking over his grim features. "It has led my imagination a dance. A sick man shut up in his cloister as I am relies entirely upon his imagination for such pleasure as he knows. Mine is so acute that it is diseased—can you understand that? It pains me, and I am compelled to deaden it. Similar cases are not rare. Some try opium—my refuge is ether."

"Very dangerous," said Kendryn.

"But better than opium. I should never sleep but for ether, and we must have sleep, getting it how we can."

And so now he went on to speak of the effect of this and other narcotic drugs, and presently the packet was lost sight of. Oswynd was well read, and a thinker for himself, and he was one of those men who let nothing in their lives go by without examination. He had weighed well all his experiences in life, in this enforced leisure here, and had judged of men and things, passions, habits, and even emotions; and so in that great round head many memories were gathered, analyzed and classed. He spoke on, warming with his subject, and the peculiar air of restraint which had hitherto reigned gradually vanished. The conversation became general. Roy had taken a seat near pretty Ursula, and he felt more at ease than at any other time since his arrival. Beatrice grew less thoughtful, and all things were cheerfuller and pleasanter. Only Delia Pin remained the pallid statue she had been from the first.

Thus time sped away. Archibald Redgrave was the first to notice the rapidity of its flight, and he rose to go. The housekeeper vanished silently, followed by the two young ladies—Ursula still with that roguish simper upon her face, and Beatrice a little dejected. When Mr. Redgrave had gone, Kendryn watched the closing door with something like a sense of relief.

"You're a lucky fellow, Roy," said Oswynd to that young gentleman. "Beatrice is one of the prettiest girls I ever saw. But I dare say you don't value your good fortune—such a sanything like the proper estimate of it. Wait till you are older and know more of life."

Roy was tired just now—his day's journey began to tell—and he thought he should be more in the mood to weigh matters in the morning. He longed to be off to his bed; but Oswynd's muse of eloquence, visiting him rarely, lingered long when she came. Kendryn perhaps was a bit sleepy, too, but did not show it outwardly.

At length, however, a lull came and the two visitors prepared to take leave. Oswynd said:

"You smoke, I know. Try these cigars.

"Smoke before you sleep—and fragrant dreams will follow."

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"Well, Roy, the day is done," said the lawyer, breaking the quiet.

"I am glad of it. My eyes are heavy. I shall not need ether or opium to make me rest well tonight."

"Poor Oswynd! He leads a melancholy existence. Some men would go mad or destroy themselves."

"What is his malady? I could detect nothing except a sort of feebleness, compelling him to use a cane."

"Yes; he is compelled to use a cane to walk, and he has the most wonderful collection you ever saw. But his principal trouble is in the region of the heart."

"And he persists in using ether!" said Roy, surprised.

"I know; but he is the most obstinate of men. He has been warned, though he needed no warning. He has studied his own case thoroughly. He understands the risk very well."

"He is a little morbid, I think."

"What else could you expect, shut up as he is! What did you think of his manner?"

"Far more gracious than I anticipated finding it. I had heard of his bad temper, you know."

Kendryn nodded.

"Passionate and choleric, always, Roy, but still a gentleman. His whims and fancies are part of his disease; but he might have worse faults."

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"You will see more of Archbald Redgrave as time passes, Roy," he said earnestly. "I have something to tell you. We do not know what may happen even in the next quarter of an hour—such is the uncertainty of life. But, take care."

"You distrust him, I see."

"No—or hardly that. I don't know what it is, indeed—a presentiment, or something."

"He is a cipher here—how can there be any danger?"

"Ciphers act a wonderful part in the intricate machinery of arithmetic," replied Kendryn, with his dark, kindly smile. "But know this, Roy—that you can depend upon *me*, whatever happens," he added, taking the young man's hand as he stood up. "Should anything call me away from you and an emergency rise in my absence, lose not an instant in communicating with me—do you mark?"

"I mark, and shall remember."

They parted for the night then; and Roy thought this admonition of his friend rather superfluous, though well-meant. With the Arcadian faith in human nature, which is so peculiarly the gift and blessing of youth, he went to bed rather disgusted at the lawyer's suspicion; but sleep wooed and won him ere anything troubled him long.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE DYING FISHER-GIRL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY H. ALSTON DARLEY.

To Miss Annie R. C——b.

O won't you tell Jamie, dear mother,
That I'll meet him across the calm sea?
For the shadows around me are gath'ring
And hiding the sunlight from me.
His love is so pure, darling mother,
And his heart kind, unselfish and true;
But I'll meet him above as an angel,
And welcome my sailor in blue.

When I see the white sails o'er the ocean
That herald his coming to me,
I'll put a bright lamp in the window
Of Heaven to guide him safe through.
And when the storm-fiends fly,
When the lightning illumines the wave,
I'll kneel by the throne of Our Father,
And pray him my Jamie to save.

The flowers will bloom again, mother,
And the songsters above in the sky,
Will praise bounteou- Nature with gladness,
While I shall sing praises up there.
The warm sun will soon flood earth, mother,
When Jamie, my sailor in blue,
With light heart will sail o'er the ocean,
To hear the sad story from you.

You'll tell him to strew pretty flowers
O'er my little lone grave in the dell,
And tell his tears moisten and freshen
The heliotrope and the blue-bell;
And let his next voyage, dear mother,
Direct unto Heaven's gate be—
Where I'll be awaiting my sailor,
And welcome his coming to me.

TWO KINDS OF OBERA.

MISS "GIROFLE-GIROFLA" UND MISTER "JIM BLUDZOE."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY "MARK QUENCHER."

Here am Robinson Hall now, Pilly, und so ve'll vent in und took a look at der young lady who am a-goin' to play herself, und whose total name is Girofle-Girofla. Yes, dot's so, Pilly; it is a dizzy name und no mistake. But come, shuck dot Rainy Victoria Chinese segar away, cause you can't shmoke in dhere. Hold on! you mustn't put it out und shtuck it in your pocket so you kin shmoke der life out of it when der show is over, pecause it'll scorch der hull place up, und ve'll bin grifed avay;" und as dhey'm all fashionable beobles here und no newspacers, why I vant to bin high-tuned myself. So shuck it avay, or I kick your mout of it. Dhere, dot's it. Now bull your eyes out of your hair und valk in like a young jentleman. Aha! dhink vell—I implore you to think well," he continued in a tone of measured and intense solemnity, "before you move a finger to act!"

Beatrice was paler than before, and her fingers twitched nervously. She was looking down into the fire kindled and watching it with a slight frown. Perhaps she read some dismal fatality in the hieroglyphs of the glowing coals, and saw there the symbolic lights and shadows of the future. But Roy was unmoved. Perchance he was growing more indifferent than before.

Oswyn, in the silence that had followed his last words, returned the packet whence it had come.

"For so many a month to-day I have wondering what would follow from the reading of this packet," he said, tapping his breast, and with a kind of sarcastic amusement breaking over his grim features. "It has led my imagination a dance. A sick man shut up in his cloister as I am relies entirely upon his imagination for such pleasure as he knows. Mine is so acute that it is diseased—can you understand that? It pains me, and I am compelled to deaden it. Similar cases are not rare. Some try opium—my refuge is ether."

"Very dangerous," said Kendryn.

"But better than opium. I should never sleep but for ether, and we must have sleep, getting it how we can."

And so now he went on to speak of the effect of this and other narcotic drugs, and presently the packet was lost sight of. Oswynd was well read, and a thinker for himself, and he was one of those men who let nothing in their lives go by without examination. He had weighed well all his experiences in life, in this enforced leisure here, and had judged of men and things, passions, habits, and even emotions; and so in that great round head many memories were gathered, analyzed and classed. He spoke on, warming with his subject, and the peculiar air of restraint which had hitherto reigned gradually vanished. The conversation became general. Roy had taken a seat near pretty Ursula, and he felt more at ease than at any other time since his arrival. Beatrice grew less thoughtful, and all things were cheerfuller and pleasanter. Only Delia Pin remained the pallid statue she had been from the first.

Thus time sped away. Archibald Redgrave was the first to notice the rapidity of its flight, and he rose to go. The housekeeper vanished silently, followed by the two young ladies—Ursula still with that roguish simper upon her face, and Beatrice a little dejected. When Mr. Redgrave had gone, Kendryn watched the closing door with something like a sense of relief.

"You're a lucky fellow, Roy," said Oswynd to that young gentleman. "Beatrice is one of the prettiest girls I ever saw. But I dare say you don't value your good fortune—such a sanything like the proper estimate of it. Wait till you are older and know more of life."

Roy was tired just now—his day's journey began to tell—and he thought he should be more in the mood to weigh matters in the morning. He longed to be off to his bed; but Oswynd's muse of eloquence, visiting him rarely, lingered long when she came. Kendryn perhaps was a bit sleepy, too, but did not show it outwardly.

At length, however, a lull came and the two visitors prepared to take leave. Oswynd said:

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1875.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information regarded only through this department, so answers by mail.

C. DE W.—1. Such boats as the Shady Side and the Sylvan Dell are of little account for speed, unless compared with others of their class. For prompt landings, easy hand-ling, and the other special things required of them, they are probably the finest boats in the world. Their speed, however, is apparent, rather than actual—in other words, they seem to be going faster than they really are. The Dell has for this reason acquired a great reputation for speed, notwithstanding that in her very first season she demonstrated her incapacity to compete with such large boats as the C. Vibbard and the Drew, when she ran to Albany against Time. A few months ago, her owners declined to accept the challenge of the Shady Side to run without passengers for $5,000 a side. She may be, as they claim, a better boat than the somewhat cranky Shady Side, but it is doubtful if she is fully as fast as the latter, in fair water, proved herself last Summer in running with the Seawanhaka on the 4 P. M. trips. 2. The Mary Powell is the fastest boat engaged in the North-river traffic. 3. The Seawanhaka is the fastest boat making an East-river landing. The D. R. Martin, withdrawn this season, was the next. 4. The Rhode Island is the fastest boat running through the East River, and probably the old City of Boston comes next. 5. Any of these five boats, if disposed to make the round run away from the speeded of the Harlem craft, and in the Sound the Rhode Island could dispose of the Mary Powell, especially if the water were a trifle rough. Steamboats, as a rule, are built for special work, and thrive on their work in the dunghills. Not even the Mary Powell could make all the landings and beat the Shady Side from Peck Slip to Morrisania dock.

A FAST RIDE.—The incident adver. is from *The Herald*. "I made a bet with a friend of mine that that train was the fastest in the world, and we have left it for you to decide, which, should you be able to do, we would be greatly obliged to you. Should you know of a faster train please mention it in your answer. My friend says there is an early newspaper train over the Pennsylvania Railroad to Philadelphia, which beats the time of *The Herald* train."..... This bet fails, being predicated upon something that has no existence in fact. You inclose a time-table that is promised, but the train that is to fulfill that promise will not be put in motion until next month. A time-table is one thing, and a train that covers the ground is another. If that programme is ever carried out, *The Herald's* Western express will be the fastest in the world, but for the distance only. Including stoppages, it will cover ground at the rate of 3,336ft. per minute between here and Buffalo, assuming the distance to be 409 miles, which is the maximum claimed, although via Albany 445 is probably nearer the mark. Special trains have often gone faster, but for a shorter distance. As for regular trains in England that cover ground at the rate of 4,080ft. per minute, leaving Paddington at 11.45 A. M. and arriving at Bristol, 120 miles, at 2.21 P. M. The longest run of *The Herald's* train will be between this city and Albany, will be at the rate of 3,620ft. per minute. The bet is a draw.

OMAHA.—"I have made a bet with a friend of mine which we have referred to you for your judgment to decide. I bet that Queen Victoria's diamond, the Koh-i-noor, is the second largest diamond in the world. He claims that there are two larger ones in the world." ..... Our impression is that he is right, but we are unwilling to render a decision. An eminent English authority gives the weight of the Koh-i-noor as 279 carats. An equally eminent authority goes into details, and says that he has weighed it, when delivered to the Queen of England, was 186 carats. This was on July 3, 1850, and it has since been cut again to remove imperfections. There is no dispute about the Hortensia and Regent diamonds, respectively weighing 367 and 136 carats. The "Star of the South," in its uncut state, weighed 254½; it now weighs 177¾. A third authority (English) says that the Koh-i-noor, when first cut in 1852, now weighs 102¾ carats, and the Pitt diamond 105. This is probably correct; but we could not give a decision satisfactory to ourselves without writing to England, which we shall cheerfully do, if necessary.

10TH MAN, Trenton.—The rule in regard to challenge-club players is this: Presuming one of the Princeton men belongs to Trenton, he is of course has a right to play with that club or with his College nine, but with no other club. The rule excepting College nines does not admit of a player in a College club playing with half a dozen other clubs, in the same club, whichever club he may be. The rule has never had any other interpretation. It was introduced in the old National Association in 1857 by Mr. Chadwick, who merely designated it, when a player in Archie Bush to play with the Harvard nine, and also with his own club, the Knickerbockers of Albany. The Princeton player you refer to cannot play with your club, if he is a member of any other than the College club, or has played in a match with any other club.

SUBSCRIBER, Charing Cross.—"At three-handed cribbage A plays a trey, B a tray, and scores 2 points; C plays an eight, and calls 14; C then plays a six and makes 6 points by playing a trey, takes up his eight and plays a tray, thus scoring 6 points. A then plays the fourth tray, scores 12, and thus the game. B played wrong in not playing a trey to make up his eight after it had been played and playing his tray instead, and further claims that C must take back six holes, and A 12; and maintains he has the say when it came to his turn to play, and that he can play any card he may proper to be played. Can he, or can he not?"..... It is too late for B to protest now; he should have done so immediately the change in his cards; by not doing so he condoned C's erroneous play.

J. D., Binghamton.—The section of the Game and Game-fish Laws of New York relating to woodcock, quail and pinnated grouse, as follows: "Section 1. No person shall kill or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the time has been killed, any woodcock, between Feb. 1 and July 4, under a penalty of $25 for each bird. Sec. 2. No person shall kill or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any quail, between Jan. 1 and Oct. 20, under a penalty of $25 for each bird. Sec. 3. No person shall kill or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, or pinnated grouse, commonly called prairie chicken, between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1, under a penalty of $25 for each bird."

INVALID, St. Louis.—1. Milk, brandy and sugar in proportions to suit taste. Milk thoroughly by shaking, and to be fresh from the shaking of the cow. Brandy from the finest ground nutmeg. 2 Invalidism assumes many forms, and no book would meet every case. As a rule, they should have the most nourishing food procurable, and that their stomachs will tolerate, and should eat when they feel like it. A doctor or a nurse is the safer guide. 3. We have never seen such a book. It would take a library to hold the "books" without number, and any leading publishing house in your city ought to be able to supply you.

M. K., Boston.—On a subject which merits attention at the hands of the next convention, but we do not at present see any remedy for the difficulty you refer to. When club-managers select a nine, they get the best they can and if they do not answer their expectations, the worst of course bear the consequences. Your reference to the New Havens and Athletics is equally applicable to the Chicago and Westerns. The Chicago defeated the first Western nine four games. 2. Pike originally came from the old Atlantics, being catcher of their second nine. He then played with the Irvingtons, Mutuals, etc., and lastly with the Hartfords, whence he went to St. Louis. 3. We should prefer to invest on St. Louis. 4. White.

J. M. W., Chicago.—Joe Coburn and Jim Mace first met in the ring near Port Dover, Canada, May 11, 1871; but after they had fought seven rounds over an hour, during which time not a blow was given, the military put an end to the affair. They met again at Bay St. Louis, Miss., Nov. 30, same year, when after only three rounds had been fought in a pouring rain of 3 hours and 38 minutes, few damaging hits being exchanged in the twelve rounds.

CLIO.—Gray Planet was beaten uniformly last year, save when he made 1:42¾ against time, on Aug. 14, and then he carried four pounds less than weight for age. He was not placed in the Manhattan Handicap of Oct. 3; was beaten by Lissetone and Fellowcraft, second and third, respectively, in Fadladeen on Oct. 14 for the Members' Cup; and at Baltimore, Oct. 20, by Harry Bassett. The first four races were run at Jerome Park.

AMATEUR PLAYER.—There is no amateur championship, nor can there be except of a State; but it is impossible for an amateur club to go from city to city disputing the claim of any amateur club to the title of champions. Besides, there is no amateur club that has been any title recognized by the American National Association. With professional clubs there can be, as they have the money to travel with.

M. F., La Salle.—1. The bridge over the St. Lawrence is 6,144ft. long, and cost $7,000,000. We have not the dimensions of the new one over the St. Louis. The three arches over the water-way span 1,524 ft., according to one account, 1,536 according to another. Probably the extreme length is about 2,500. Its cost, inclusive of that of the tunnel by which the western end is reached, was $9,000,000.

W. M., Boston.—When the National Theatre, Boston, was burned down, April 22, 1852, Mrs. C. N. Sinclair and George Vandenhoff were announced to act in "Love's Sacrifice" at the Mansion-house, Jamaica Plain, for the benefit of the Free-street Theatre, and the same night (April 22, 1852) Mrs. Sinclair and Mr. Vardenhoff acted in "Love's Sacrifice" there. A losses.

H. L. P., St. Louis.—1. We cannot say who first turned a double somerset over four or more horses. Numerous performers claim to have been the first. 2. There is no reason to suppose that any book will ever be issued such as advertisement. 4. Double somersets have been performed in England for many years past.

OLD READER, Brooklyn.—1. Allison, Halliard, Gould, Sweasy, Waterman, G. Wright, Leonard, H. Wright, McVey. 2. Cannot say. 3. 8 wins. 4. See Dramatic Summary of this issue. 5. Allison. 6. First base was his position. He might have played elsewhere in an odd game. 7. Yes.

H. F. P., Chicago.—1. Cosette is by Black Bashaw. 2. Chicago, by Glencoe. 3. Bodine, by Volunteer. 4. Mambrino Gift, by Mambrino Pilot. 5. Nettie, by Ryadyk's Hambletonian. 6. Phil Sheridan, by Young Columbus. 7. Hopeful is by Godfrey's Patchen, and has a record of 2:21; and Nashville Belle, by Alexander's Abdallah, has a record of 2:23¼.

JOLIET FIRE DEPARTMENT.—You have omitted to state how the party came into possession of the trumpet. Better send legal advice, as under the law of your locality the claim of the eldest members may have become invalid after so great a lapse of time.

W. C. D., Williamsport.—No answers by mail. When you have a bet with a friend of mine, you will find it in our concise summary. A letter addressed to the person (stating his business on the envelope) in care of this office will reach him.

KIM FUN, Hornby.—It is purely a matter of opinion. The one you name ranks among the best. He participates in the nightly receipts of the theatre, sharing equally with the manager after the deduction of a given sum technically called expenses.

A., B. & C., Baltimore.—You cannot board a card the playing of which will cause a revoke. If the trick was turned in and the error discovered, the holder of the ace of diamonds in his hand, then two points can be claimed for a revoke.

CARTOON, Pittsburg.—Certainly not. When your club disbands and you are a member, and therefore you cannot play until sixty days after the date of the disbandment. Were you in a professional club it would be different, but with an amateur club there are no such restrictions, &c.

G. G.—Unless specifically made play or pay, all bets are off on the Boston and Western game, which the former forfeited by a score of 9 to 0. The game is a win or lose in the championship record, but not for the purpose of bets, except play-or-pay ones.

G. N., St. Louis.—1. It probably means despondent, "down in the mouth." Perhaps it originated from the notion that a fish, before dying, turns blue about the gills. 2. A man's fall is the flesh under his chin and about the lower part of his cheek.

CONSTANT READER.—1. Letters addressed to them at their respective theatres will reach them; and if they desire to see you they will so inform you by replying to the address you give. 2. One-third of your first week's salary. 3. There are a great many in various parts of the city. 4. Yes.

READER.—1. His name is the same. 2. She has since been divorced, and remarried to a gentleman whose name she now bears. 3. He is in this city, suffering from a disease of the brain. 4. He is living, and in retirement.

WALLACE STREET, Phila.—1. Not having a seven in his hand, C could not make it a seven. The penalty is loss of the game. 2. Three-handed cassino is counted in the same way as 4-handed.

FAUL, Detroit.—1. This is as good a time as any to clip a pup. The age of yours is no bar. 2. Meat once a day is enough. Make the other meals light—such as bread and milk.

W. F.—1. Joseph is the eldest of the three Dion brothers. 2. He played his first championship match on May 31, 1865, in this city. 3. Played Melvin Foster for $2,000 on July 19, 1858.

J. Y. S., Toronto.—1. At the beginning of the present year the U. S. Navy consisted of 7,284 men. 2. The largest ship of the sea coast of the United States, exclusive of that of Alaska, is 12,000 miles.

MCS., Cunningion.—1. Billy Denton was sired by Ryder's Hambletonian. 2. Denton has no record. 3. K.'s Hambletonian has, we believe, two white hind-pasterns; but we have no description of him at hand.

J. H., Decatur.—1. From Paddington to Bristol. Average time, about 60½ miles per hour. 2. Such a train may have been instituted lately from London to Manchester; but we think "The Flying Dutchman" is still the champion.

TRIMBLE.—The *Sporting Life* made Henry Pulton in the international rifle match at Creedmoor, L. I., last year, viz., 171 out of a possible 180, is the highest of which we have any record at those distances—200, 200 and 1,000 yards.

ENGINEER.—"A Revolt in Fashion." "Musical Inspiration." "My Fairy Queen." "Our Mississippi Home." "Can't We Be Friends Again?" "The Buried Heroes." "Drink." "The Style in which we Dance."

OCEANIC, Brooklyn.—1. We have no knowledge of it. 2. You can dramatize any story that does not contain, in addition to the certificate of copyright, the words "All rights reserved."

FAIR AND SQUARE, Lowell.—1. Cribbage is a game of luck and still combined. All games of cards depend upon luck and still combined, but in one or two, which depend upon luck about 3. See our baseball reports from time to time.

CHICAGO BOY.—A home-run can be made by errors of the outfielders in failing to return the ball. A "clean" home-run is one made when the ball has been hit so that it cannot be returned in time to prevent the run.

MAC, Williamsport.—Prior to the establishment of the Professional Association, there was no legal championship.

4. Athletics were awarded the championship of 1871, and that is the only year they have won it.

J. B. N., Newmarket.—Such sales are to take place at Crystal Lake, near Chicago, Ill., on July 14; at Goshen N. Y., July 7; at Sheffield Park, Phila., June 30; and at the Tattersalls, this city, nearly every day.

JUNOE, Albany.—The bet is off. It was that the Bostons would beat the Westerns in a game. The game was not played, the Bostons forfeiting. If the bet was made play or pay, that fact would change its nature, and B would win.

W. H. P., Williamsburg.—1. Lady Sarton was a chestnut, and stood about 16 hands two inches high. 2. The father of Hiram Woodruff kept the Harlem Park course, as also did Hiram himself for two years.

R. R. K., Peoria.—Joe Coburn and Jim Mace met twice in the ring as opponents—May 11, 1871, in Canada, and Nov. 30, 1877, near New Orleans. On the first occasion and a blow was struck, the military finally interfering, and on the second a draw was proclaimed.

C. T., Newark.—1. The best times for these distances are as follows: 220-yard run, 24 secs.; one-mile run, level ground, 4:17½; mile walk, 6:45. 2. Capt. Barclay's 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours.

C. T., Newark.—1. Dudley Kavanagh challenged Joseph Dion but once, and that was some sixteen years ago. 2. See our billiard department weekly, and also THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

OLD FIREMAN, Philadelphia.—The first fire-engine to get to work in Baltimore was the Miles Greenwood, built in Cincinnati for Boston. The first belonging to the Baltimore Department was the Alpha.

S. E. N., Prairie Grove.—You can obtain various makers' instruments of Roe Stephens, Detroit, Mich.; Lee & Walker, Philadelphia, Pa., and Pond & Co., or Dilson & Co., New York. Distin's instruments of Boosey & Co., New York.

J. S.—The proper way to play cassino is to call out when a player has points enough. The first to call wins the game, if he can justify his call. Should he call and not have points enough to justify, he loses the game.

A. G.—They prefer that such matters should not be made public. 2. No. He is now the husband of Lizzie Weston Davenport. 3. We never have any travelling correspondents, and in this city we are already supplied.

CASTALIA.—1. The distance was two and a half miles when Longfellow beat Harry Bassett, July 2, 1877, at Long Branch. 2. It was two and a quarter miles when Bassett beat Longfellow, July 16, 1872, at Saratoga.

H. W., Lamsgrove.—The first street car in Baltimore was, we believe, run on July 12, 1859, on the City Passenger Railway, Broadway. On Oct. 27 following, that road was operated from end to end.

GRAHAM, Peoria.—1. Write to Charlwood & Son, printers, Melbourne, Australia, for list of those there. 2. There are none permanently established in the West Indies, and we have no list of those in South America.

J. R. T., Indianapolis.—1. Procure an engagement for general utility, and learn the business properly. 2. Certainly, if you can get it. 3. Your own city or Cincinnati, or Chicago.

OUT OF.—The race you refer to is probably that which occurred on the Union Course on April 24, 1835. There were nine entries.

A. G., Sykesville.—He is now traveling with Springer's Cirqzoological Institution. A letter addressed to him in care of this office will reach him.

C. H. E., Washington.—Judging from the present condition of affairs, that show will not be in existence at the time you name.

MUTUAL CLUB, Boston Highlands.—The bet is off, the parties lacking a definite understanding. Both are right, and both wrong.

J. D., Mountain Top.—1. See answer to "J. E. H., East Boston." 2. Write to the Mayor of Denison, inclosing a stamp for reply.

J. E. H., East Boston.—We have seen a circular stating that it was drawn, but have received no list of the winning numbers.

SUMARL.—X loses. If a man can throw three times at poker-dice, he can throw forever. Only two throws are allowed.

DARBY, South Bend.—1. They all use burnt cork. 2. No salary. 3. No. 4. Yes. 5. From $1,000 upward, according to instruments and uniforms used.

H. S., San Francisco.—A letter addressed to her (stating her line of business on the envelope) in care of this office should reach her.

C. A. S., Jasper.—We have no knowledge of him or his present whereabouts. A letter addressed to him in our care might secure you the information.

CARTOON, Peoria.—1. Money was put up for such a match, and it was to have been decided last week. 2. For sufficient reasons, his name cannot appear.

THOMAS LENNON, Boston.—You lose. Tom Sayers and Nat Langham were opponents in the ring once only, the latter wisely declining to meet Sayers again.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Col. John Bodine fired the winning shot in the first International rifle match between Irish and American teams, at Creedmoor range, L. I., May 26, 1874.

CHEVIOT, Cleveland.—1. 2. She is married to a non-professional gentleman, and of course it would not be proper to give his name. 3. Cannot say. 4. America.

CANDY-BUTCHER, Oshawa.—1. When we have their route, you will find it in our circus summary. 2. $1.20. 3. George M. Kelley.

S. H. W., Boston.—From actual count and measurement. It is correct unless alterations have been made since our count.

SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis.—We thank you for the poem, but something not unlike it has already been published in THE CLIPPER.

A. J., Montgomery, Ala.—Thank you for the photo.-group, which came o hand in good order. Will give the matter early consideration.

F. B. W.—The best amateur game of 1874 was the match at Burlington, N. J., 1 to 0. Then there is the Atlanta and Olympic, 1 to 0.

E. C. D., Peterboro.—The player stops as soon as he has made "game," and the next striker in turn adopts the winning player's ball.

MILITARY, Phila.—It would be unfair in the extreme to institute a comparison, as to drill, between a regiment of 70 men and a single company.

OLD DOMINION, Petersburg.—1. You are right. 2. No. If the batsman be put out at first base, no run can be scored when two men are out.

J. W. B., Baltimore.—1. Yes, and joined the New Havens. 2. Cannot say. 3. Do not know anything about the salaries of players.

LOVER OF BASEBALL, New Comerstown, O.—1. It is thought that Spalding of the Red Stockings ranks highest. 2. You indi e your letter very well for a boy.

T. J. M.—He makes the trump to suit his hand, then divards, and takes up the joker; or he can turn the joker down, and let someone else make the trump.

Y. R., St. Catherines.—1. They are still in our care. 2. None but the party to whom they are addressed, or their agent, could get them.

H. A., Fort McPherson.—1. The lots are there, and that gentleman is the agent for the sale of them. 2. Cannot advise you as to the probable profit of the investment.

CUB, Chicago.—1. George F. Slosson is twenty-one years old. 2. Ubassy and Daly played from December 22 to 27, 1873, Daly winning by a score of 2,000 to 1,921.

F. R., Scranton.—Your card should not be presented to managers of places of amusement outside of your own town.

FIRST BASE, Chicago.—We make up no averages until the close of the season. Harry Wright may furnish you with what you want.

ARTIST, Halifax.—Miss Pauline Markham is in London, Eng. Thank you. Fresh items of news mailed so as to reach us early Monday mornings will be acceptable.

THREE TURKS, Baltimore.—1. We never heard of any one playing three airs on the piano at the same time. 2. Your card will cost $6.24 for 3 mos.

IMPERIAL.—We believe Rigby's score of 163 is the best ever made at Wimbledon, Eng. See another answer in this issue.

E. T. H., Moncton.—1. We know nothing about him. 2. The subscription price of THE CLIPPER is $5 per annum, postage extra.

F. B., PERSTON, Clarksville.—C. B. Elliott, John Kyle, Stephen Roberts, Thos. Fearon, John Blakey and George Roahr. Address them in our care.

J. N., St. Louis.—George Rooke was born at Dundalk, Ireland.

J. T. F., Houston.—The late Frank Murdock was the author of "Davy Crockett," now in Frank Mayo's repertory.

READER, Boston.—Stuart Robson was born in Annapolis, Md. We cannot say about the others.

B. MCC., Cleveland.—The absence of trumps makes no difference. It is a "junk." No answers by mail.

J. S., Minersville.—Address the Mechanics' Exchange, this city.

JAKE ROSE, Harrisburg.—He was born in 1841, and first fought in the ring April 2, 1860.

TORONTO WHISTLER.—Thank you for the offer. Such items are acceptable.

J. A. Jr., Philadelphia.—It was received, and will be used in due season.

J. L. D.—We would not, unless you have extraordinary ability in some specialty.

L. B., Stratford.—The only way we know of reaching him is by writing to him in care of this office.

GEO. HOWE, North Platte.—The Reds were not beaten in 1869.

PORTSMOUTH.—Any delivery of the ball is legal in which the hand passes the body below the line of the hip.

CALLE O'DANN, Corning.—1. There is no champion pitcher. 2. Harry Wright is captain of the Boston team.

CONSTANT READER.—Bellan played in the Mutual nine in 1873.

BASEBALLIST, Louisville.—1. Yes; at Boston. 2. The club sending the challenge.

J. and C.—At pedro it is not necessary to follow suit, unless trump is led.

CAPT. B.—Received too late for this issue. Will be published next week.

D. B., Egan Canon.—At euchre, a player who is either ordered up or assisted cannot go alone.

ORANGE VALLEY, N. J.—A could not use the ace on the board to build with.

G. D. Denison.—1:41¾, by Searcher, at Lexington, Ky., is the fastest time for a mile.

J. W., Everett House.—1. A loses. It required three innings for the Browns to beat the Philadelphias.

BILLY ANDERSON.—Yes; it was mailed from here on June 8.

A. R., Stony Brook.—The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was opened to Harper's Ferry on Dec. 1, 1834.

A. S., Astoria.—Address a letter to him in care of this office.

L. H., Vicksburg.—If he is the elder player, and has thirty in his hand, he can count ninety.

H. C., St. Louis.—The turning-up of the jack of a passed suit at seven-up counts for the dealer. A loses.

ST. L. AND F. M., St. Louis.—Matter referred to Wilmington, Del.

C. F. Y., West Phila.—They played one in Washington—8 to 2; and two in Richmond—34 to 0 and 24 to 8.

H. A. DICKESON, Phila.—Mailed you a letter of explanation on Saturday.

J., Columbus.—$2.40 for four insertions; 20 per cent. off, if paid for thirteen insertions in advance.

SPORT, Binghamton.—1. No; they are born liver color. 2. There are plenty of first-rate bird pointer dogs.

CONSTANT READER, Pittsburg.—There is no lawyer of that name in the City Directory.

WM. HARRINGTON.—Your subscription expires with No. 16 of the present volume.

J. W. C.—John Morrissey was twice elected to Congress.

CINCINNATI.—The name of the character is Buddicombe.

READER, Covington.—A. T. Stewart was the joker.

SUBSCRIBER, Nashville.—Address some Historical Society.

C. W. A., Keokuk.—You are not entitled to the cravat.

M. B., Chicago.—Five fives beat five aces in poker dice.

JAKE B., Kanawha.—Your letter came to hand on the 9th.

W. D. GOURLAY.—Accept our thanks for the old-timer.

CHARLEY, Cincinnati.—High, low, jack, game, pedro.

E. A. H. D., Flora.—We believe they were used.

H. K. C., Crown Point.—It has probably been mislaid.

G. H. R.—We have no knowledge of such a person.

H. M., Williamsburg.—See our championship table.

S. S. S., Scranton.—The score of the game is 7 to 1.

SCHUYLKILL, Phila.—3. receives his money back.

YOUNG DEXTER.—Shall hunt that up this week.

G. K., Cleveland.—D is out. Pedro counts high.

READER, Allentown.—It was not the same person.

WAITING, Chicago.—We did not get the paper.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.—There is no such book.

VERATILE, Youngstown.—We have no record.

NEVERITE.—Dr. Van Holm, Boston, Mass.

E. V. Z., Clinton.—He was born in 1822.

FISTICUS.—It means any three innings.

J. H. H., Boston.—By a close game.

DAN.—1. You win. 2. Both fair.

OOPTY.—In our next.

ANOTHER FIZZLE.—For several weeks past the reliable dailies, here and elsewhere, have been notifying the public that the Centennial anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill was to be duly commemorated by *another* battle, a contest between pugilistic representatives of the East and of the West. Well, the 17th of June came all right, and the weather was of that sort which delights the genuine exponent of fistic pluck and science; but, alas! the bold gladiators failed to confront each other in the magic circle, and the credulous lambs who put faith in the promises of the respectable dailies met with a sore disappointment when they discovered that the commemorative battle of the pugs was a delusion and a snare, a flash in the pan, and they went home vowing never again to be caught in such a muddle. The "heroes of the ring" seem to have all passed away—died out with Sayers, Heenan, and others of their class, leaving no representative progeny behind them to maintain "the glories of the roped arena!"

UP TO THIS TIME but little business has been done at the watering-places and seaside resorts. Proprietors of large hotels do not view the situation with complacent feelings. To be sure, "the season" seldom begins before July; nevertheless, guests have been more numerous in June in other years than they are this. Armies of waiters to pay and board, rooms to be kept in order, contracts for provisions to be fulfilled, and but little coming in to meet the outgo, are circumstances not calculated to set the hotel-keepers' table on a roar.

BOSTON has played her part well in the grand display she made on the occasion of the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the battle on Breed's HILL. The man who "marched through Georgia" says that such a grand military procession was never before seen on this continent; and we take his word for it, notwithstanding the unsoldierly errors he is guilty of in his "Memoirs of the War." New York must wipe out this Yankee notion, or never call the metropolis a warlike nation.

NEW ENGLAND has much to be thankful for. On Thursday, all Boston bunked on Bunker Hill. On Saturday, Hartford climbed the golden stair after receiving news that her representative baseball nine had taken part in *the greatest baseball game on record!*

CORRESPONDENTS will please bear in mind that, Fourth of July falling on Sunday, the occasion will be duly celebrated on Monday; and, as there will be but one distribution of letters on that day, our friends should time the mailing of their favors so as to have them reach us not later than early Monday morning. Advertisers will also take notice, and be guided accordingly.

AND NOW we are told that efforts will be made by the Tilton party to get in some new evidence. Well, *new* evidence will be a novelty, that's true; but this cannot be secured without money and without *Price*, and as the wronged one does not care to add to the *load a-bout* him, the attempt will hardly be made. Doubtless the reports are all *Lyes!*

THE STATE OF THE ODDS on the Tilton trial remains as at former quotations—In the pools a disagreement of the jury bringing the highest rates, with a proviso that the verdict shall be rendered this year. If the twelve good men and true can stand it two weeks longer, we think there is a fair chance of their surviving to the end.

THE UNANIMITY with which the New York Court of Appeals decides important questions *looks* queer, *any* how. Else wherefore are we lawyers and judges here in the metropolis? Would it be treason to the State were we to suggest that a still higher court be instituted to revise the decisions of the Court of Appeals?

SURE THINGS are not so proverbial on the turf this year as they have been in former years, and the knowing ones don't know as much as they used to know; which goes to show a reform on the part of the latter, or more honesty among the managers of racing.

WHILE NEW YORK is shocked by the Brooklyn scandal, Indiana is shocked by an earthquake. It is hard to say which has the best of it.

THE RAPID-TRANSIT BILL is a fixed fact—the Governor has signed it. As it will not be needed, where is the safest place to keep it?

THE AMERICAN TEAM are so bent on vanquishing their Irish adversaries that they declare they will shoot them *on sight!*

IT'S A WONDER to us that the grasshoppers don't swoop down upon Brooklyn—it's such an *awful* wicked place!

BETWEEN THE LAW and the lawyers, Tweed's suits will be worn threadbare before they are cast off.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ On June 14: The American rifle team arrived in Ireland, and were enthusiastically welcomed in Queenstown and Cork.....In the Upper House of the Prussian Diet adjourned, after passing the bill withdrawing State-grants from the Roman Catholic clergy.....A Paris dispatch to *The London Standard* says it is asserted that Russia has withdrawn from the alliance of the three Emperors, and that a new alliance has been formed between Germany and Sweden..... In the Superior Criminal Court at Boston, Mass., William W. Piper was found guilty of the murder of Mabel H. Young.....Swarms of grasshoppers appeared at Omaha and Prattsmouth, Neb..... In Brooklyn, E. D., Patrick Dalton was sentenced to imprisonment for life for killing his wife.....B. Ciadlin & Co. and Field, Morris & Co. of this city were arraigned in Court to answer an indictment for buying smuggled goods .....Edward Greenbacher (Democ.), published in 1850, his abilities as a historical writer being widely recognized. He was born at Pittsfield, N. H., and for some few years resided in London, Eng.....Boston, Mass., June 18, aged 74.

KILLS, Robert.—1. Cincinnati Workhouse, and formerly president of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in that city—there, June 10, aged 39.

O'GRADE, John—Variety performer—Detroit, Mich., June 14.

KIRCHER, Geo.—A well-known barber in Newark, N. J fell dead on the steps leading to his shop—June 16.

LOCKE, Mrs. Sarah.—The widow of Captain Freeborn Locke —this city, June 19, aged 84.

LORE, Rev. Dr. Dallas—Editor of *The Northern Christian Advocate*—since 1864. Decamped with a mulatto mulatta, and joined the Philadelphia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1837. In 1847 he went as a missionary to Buenos Ayres, thence he went to New Mexico, and in New Jersey he was tried for forgery in 1860; acquitted, he remained until called to Syracuse, N. Y., in 1864, as editor of *The Advocate*—Auburn, N. Y., June 20.

O'GRADY, Cornelius—Ireland, Aged, an old resident of Savannah, Ga.—that city, June 12, aged 78.

MCILWAINE, Alexander—A leading citizen of Pittsburg, Pa., where he was conspicuous alike as a merchant and as a politician. Also, a scholarly, able, and generous critic and Shakespearian scholar—that city, June 10, aged 82.

MATLACK, Edward—Real-estate manager in Philadelphia, Pa. He was a native of New Jersey, and for several years after removing to the Quaker City he carried on the tailoring business, one of his establishments having been located in Market street, near Ninth—that city, June 18, aged 61.

ROHRER, Dr. Benjamin—A practicing physician in Germantown, Pa.—there, June 18, aged 78.

REES, Walter S.—Son of James S Rees, a Philadelphian well known by his *nom de plume* of "Colly Cibber"—that city, June 49, aged 20.

SUTTON, Rev. Dr. Lewis C.—Born in this city, graduated at Princeton, N. J., and about 1851 was appointed pastor of the Spring Garden Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, at the head of which he remained until 1876. Then he became assistant-minister of a Presbyterian church in this city, and finally its pastor—Morristown, N. J., June 18, aged 50.

SHELARPLEY, Mrs. Fred—Wife of the musician—Trenton, N. J., June 6, aged 29.

SUTTER, Charles J.—A retired tobacco merchant in Philadelphia, and identified with various institutions in an official capacity. He was for many years connected with the management of the Northern Liberties Bank—that city, June 16, aged 86.

STRUTZ, Anthony Radford—Grandson of Strutt, the Englishman who invented the frame for making ribbed stockings. The deceased is said to have held more property of the nature of shares in companies than anyone else in England, and his estimated wealth was $15,000,000—England, recently, aged 84.

TOROUDE, M.—French dramatic author. He had written several plays, but not one was successful—Paris, June 5, aged 35.

TISSOTT, Father Pierre—A native of Savoy, but came to this country in 1846. He was stationed at Fordham College, N. Y., and there filled consecutively the positions of Procurator, Professor of Discipline, and Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages. He was also the author of a valuable work on the Eucharist—this city, June 19, aged 82.

WEIR, Captain W.—For many years a pilot on the river Delaware—killed by the falling of a window at his residence in Philadelphia, June 20, aged 78.

BICYCLE MATCH AGAINST TIME.

One of the greatest things ever attempted at bicycling was decided at the Tufnell Park Grounds, London, Eng., May 24, and when it became known that two such celebrities as C. Cann (the champion) and D. Stanton of Hornsey were matched to compass 100 miles in six hours and a quarter, it is not at all surprising that there should be a large attendance. The track, which is 930 yards round, was in fair going order, but although the corners are good ones for getting round, it is doubtful if much fast time can ever be made on it as at Little Bridge, where the track is much firmer. The match, as stated above, was against time, the question being whether Mr. Myers could find two men able to cover 100 miles in six hours and a quarter, the competitors taking it in turns of twenty-five miles each; but the articles specified that if one man could beat the time in this way, the other one could go on and do the distance in the specified time if possible. The match was set to commence punctually at one o'clock, at which hour there were not more than 150 persons present. Stanton came out with a grand machine having a 58-inch wheel, while that of Keen, by whom they were both made—being known as the "Eclipse" build—was two inches less. Stanton, to negotiate the first twenty-five miles, had to make a circuit of the ground forty-seven times and 290 yards. He began very well, but after going about fifteen laps his recent indisposition began to tell on him, and he gradually lost time, so that when he had finished the first quarter of the contract it was found that he had lost several minutes, having occupied 1h. 37m. 30sec. Keen, who was waiting at the starting-point, was quickly off when Stanton passed the 25-mile post, and, going at a terrific pace, was loudly cheered at every lap, in which he made up a lot of the Hornsey man's lost ground, and so much had he done by this way that when he had finished his first portion it was found that only 3h. 7min. and 26sec. had been occupied in covering the first half of the journey. So confident were now the friends of the champion, that the betting, which had been 5 to 4 on time, veered round to 5 to 4 on the men. Stanton, during his wait for the completion of Keen's bout, partially set his machine right, and took other refreshment, but he came out for his second round stale and spiritless, in addition to which he walked quite lame from his recent attack of sciatica in the hip, so that, notwithstanding that he went rifle reverse way to avoid the stiff breeze from the southwest, he was in every instance seconds over the time allowed in each lap to make the match a winning one, whilst, after completing thirty-two laps and the odd 290 yards, he retired dead-beat, and Keen, who had been wanting to go on some time, started to try to finish the remaining fifteen laps of Stanton's and the last forty-eight, which may be considered his own. Keen, who is very popular with almost every bicyclist in the country, was repeatedly cheered, but although he tried hard and made up a lot of time in several of the laps, he was found to be the native soldiery at Chin Kiang, China, and, upon two of the aggressors being locked up, the soldiers surrounded the British Consulate and endeavored to effect the rescue of their comrades; and the Chinese authorities succeeded in quieting the mob before a serious conflict between them and the European residents, who formed for the purpose of defending the Consulate. Admiral Rodgers is at the Chefoo. Gen. Sheridan is at Pekin. It is generally said that the object of the proposed St. Petersburg conference is not the conclusion of a general international treaty, and is thought that the Czar's object is to secure the friendship of several crowned heads for the enforcement of international law, and especially by a declaration from them of the powers that they will observe the principles set forth in the Declaration of Paris, 1856, relative to privateering. The Supreme Court adjourned after announcing that judgment would be delivered June 24..... The miners' strike in the Pennsylvania coal regions caused a number of collieries resuming work..... Garibaldi's pulp factory in the island on the Tiber was passed by the Italian Chamber of Deputies..... It was stated that the late Hon. Tappan Wentworth of Lowell, Mass., bequeathed $2,000,000 to Harvard College..... The Permissive bill was rejected by the House of Commons. The political situation in Madrid, Spain, caused increased uneasiness, and a rumor prevailed that the Carlists were about to bombard the capital..... Steps were taken at the meeting of the measles epidemic was reported on the Fiji Islands..... Elizabeth Monker of this city was sent to State-prison for two years for forgery..... Fire in Richmond, Va., destroyed the Exchange Hotel, Dispatch building, and other buildings, Hunter's Point, L. I.—loss estimated at $14,500, partially insured; D. W. Goodenough's dry-goods store, Milford, Mass.—loss about $18,000, insured for about $12,000. On the 13th: the Silver Building, Lexington, Mo.—loss $25,000; Insurance $20,000; Barnes Brothers' paper-mills, Rochester, Mich.—loss not stated..... Sir John Harris Spink was said to have cut her throat in North Kingston, R. I., June 12, inflicting, probably, fatal injuries ..... A shock of earthquake was felt in portions of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois..... *The Nassau Gazette* said that, as England had declined to enter into intimate relations with Russia unless the Central Asian States are placed under the protection of International law, Russia has no reason to leave the alliance of the three emperors and enter into a league with that country..... It was reported at Rangoon that the King of Burmah had ordered to be killed on all the points in dispute..... The following additional failures were reported per cable: In London, N. Alexander, Son & Co. (liabilities $1,200,000), and Ostorious, Phillips & Co.; in Manchester, Mellodi, Sondheimer & Co..... The body of Samuel B. Shaw was found in the East River, at Greenpoint, L. I ..... William Bartel was fatally injured by a locomotive at New Brunswick, N. J., on the 16th..... Thomas Murray of Newark, N. J., fatally stabbed Capt. Jos. Green with a pair of scissors,

Irving, Prospect Park, 20 to 10; Lesher, Whitman & Co., vs. Merrill & Wilkin and Jones & Finlay, 35 to 19; Alpha of Newark, N. J., vs. Frodsee Exchange, at the former place, 31 to 7.....Same day the following games took place in Massachusetts: Una vs. Nobscot, at Boston, 19 to 13; Wilson Printing-house vs. Walworth Manufacturing Co., at Cambridge, 39 to 5; Bartletts vs. Taunton Jr., at Lowell, seven innings, 23 to 14; Howard Jr. of Brockton vs. Troy of Fall River, 23 to 10; Stebbins, Grant & Co. vs. Barnes, Ward & Co., at Boston, 13 to 12; Active of So. Weymouth vs. Excelsiors, at Boston, 14 to 13.....June 15, the Astor nine were too expert for the Experts at Communipaw, N. J.; score, 13 to 12.....On the 12th the University nine of Rochester, N. Y., visited Genesee, and were beaten by the Livingstons, 20 to 10; and on the 16th the Livingstons went to Corning and polished off the Mintons, 24 to 2.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM AMATEURS.

We call the attention of the amateur fraternity to the following letters concerning matters wherein they are interested:

VIOLATIONS OF THE RULES.

EDITOR CLIPPER.—Allow me as a member of the National Association of Amateur Baseball Players to raise my voice against the tendency that seems to prevail among many clubs to disregard the code of rules by which they have agreed to be guided. I know not how it is in other parts of the country, but here in New York and vicinity many clubs care only for a victory—never for the means they employ to obtain it. We have seen Mr. P. Carr, originally of the Jaspers, play already in three different clubs, and he then announce himself ready to play in a fourth. Then, too, we have all heard how the "P. B. A." of Bridgeport are playing Thompson of the Washington; but as the "P. B." Club are nothing more nor less than professionals, we cease to wonder at their action. But now we have another candidate—one of them, in fact—for unenviable notoriety. One is the Staten Island Club, the other is "Harry" Beach. Beach played with the Onedias of Orange some two or three weeks ago, and last Saturday put in an appearance amid the ranks of the Staten Islands in their game with the Nameless. The Islanders acknowledged on the field that they knew the late most excellent president of the N. A. of A. B. P., had played with the Onedias, but added that the Nameless could play the game under protest. Now, I am not and never was a member of either of these clubs; but from what I know of the Nameless boys, I can say with assurance that they are far above ever being guilty of such conduct as this; and had I not with my own eyes seen Beach play with the Staten Islands, I would be very loth to believe that he would so far forget itself as to thus flagrantly disregard the rules. But must not this man Beech feel proud of himself? VEDAS.

STAR vs. ACTIVE.

EDITOR CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* On the 12th inst. we played the Actives of this city at Hoboken, N. J., and, being short three of our nine, and playing on a ground utterly unfit for the purpose (provided by them), were defeated by a score of 13 to 8. Feeling dissatisfied at the result, we challenged them to play us the return game of the series at Hoboken on the 19th, and received an acceptance *signed by their rightful secretary.* On our arrival at the ground on the day appointed, not a single member of the Active Club was there, nor word from them in the shape of excuse or letter to the matter. My object in writing to you is to have you warn all clubs in the amateur convention against having any dealings with the said Active B. B. C.; and in so doing you will not only greatly oblige us, but advance the interests of our national game. Respectfully,

WM. RAUB, Secretary Star B. B. C.

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* The statement in your last issue that the Arlingtons of New York defeated the Olympics of Manhattanville, on June 9, by a score of 5 to 2, is incorrect, as the Olympics did not play the Arlingtons or any other club on that day. And the assertion that the Olympics played two illegal players in their nine against the Arlingtons on June 14 is also false, as they have been registered by the Judiciary Committee of the National Association. There seems to be a great desire among certain parties to defame the Olympic Club by publishing anonymous letters and articles in their good name, but whoever the writer may be we treat with silent contempt, as we know the authors of the same to be of the meanest class of ballplayers, and unworthy of the notice or respect of any intelligent amateur. P. J. MORAS,

Secretary Olympic B. B. C.

RED SOX vs. LUDLOW.—The St. Louis Red Stockings gave the Ludlows of Cincinnati, O., a drubbing June 12, the innings score being as follows:

Red Sox	0	3	0	0	0	2	0	0	—13
Ludlow	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	—4

RED SOX vs. STAR.—On June 16, at Covington, Ky., about three thousand spectators assembled to see the STARS receive nine coats of whitewash from the Red Sox of St. Louis. This is how the score looked:

Red Sox	0	0	0	0	2	8	0	1	—19
Star	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

PHILADELPHIA vs. RED SOX.—These clubs met again at St. Louis June 15, the Philadelphias winning thus:

Philadelphia	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	2	—4
Red Sox	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

MUTUAL vs. RED SOX.—The St. Louis Red Stocking nine were taken into camp by the New York lads on the 17th. Score:

Mutual	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	—4
Red Sox	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

ST. LOUIS vs. MUTUAL.—The game between these St. Louis and New York Clubs, played on the former's grounds June 19, was poorly played, and resulted as under:

St. Louis	0	0	2	0	4	1	3	2	—11
Mutual	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	—2

BOSTON, ATLANTIC, CHICAGO vs. HARTFORD.—These professional clubs were to have played in Boston, Mass., and Chicago, Ill., respectively, on Monday, June 21, but up to the time of closing our forms no intelligence concerning them had reached us.

THE CINCINNATI (O.) BLUE STOCKINGS have formed a joint-stock company, and are about to inclose grounds at Cumminsville (25th Ward). Cincinnati will thus have no less than four complete grounds at her disposal—those at Ludlow, Covington and Newport being the other three; and besides this, the new grounds at Milford are but thirty minutes' ride away.

THE HARTFORDS received forfeit of a game from the New Havens on the 15th inst.

BILLIARDS.

SCRATCHES.

There are now some eight entries for the Brooklyn one-handed tournament, which doubtless will have to be put off until August, and possibly until September, as one of the gentlemen entered—Col. Egolf, the roomkeeper of Troy, N. Y.—has so much business on his hands that he will be able to compete only during the months named. The entries are almost equally divided betwen right and left handed players.....William Cook, defeated champion of England, has deposited a forfeit for another match with young John Roberts.....Henry Rhines of Chicago will probably start this week for New Orleans, where, on July 4, he is to join Henry Miller for the championship of the Northwestern and Southwestern States, as a sequel to the Chicago tournament of last April.....A near relative of Maurice Daly's has accused that industrious expert of the good fortune of having bought a brown-stone front, in one of the upper wards, for $14,000. The accusation, too, good to be true of the American billiard-player.....William Sexton, who resigned the superintendency of the Grand Central, Broadway, this city, to take charge of Mason's room, Broadway, Albany, has an idea of again locating himself in Gotham. There seems to be no prospect of her bringing the proposed match between Sexton and Edward Daniels of Boston.....Peter D. Braisted Jr. was an absentee from 14 and 16 Fourth avenue the greater part of last week, engaged in the patriotic duty of planting upon Bunker Hill the standard of the Seventh Regiment, N. Y. S. N. G.....Young Trimble, until recently of Flynn & Marin's room at Sixth avenue and Fourteenth street, was in charge of the Fourth-avenue establishment during Mr. Braisted's absence.....Trimble will this Summer take charge of the room in Ashman & Morton's Hotel (formerly the American Club-house), Greenwich, Ct. The report that Charles A. Frink would go there had a substantial origin, although he has been proved premature.....The announcement is made authoritatively that that metamorphosis is but temporary which has made a huge beer saloon of Emanuel Brunswick's big room in Chicago. As is to be the case with the Thomas Brothers' room here, the tables will be replaced by billiard ones.....Harry Eagle, after a protracted illness, is a candidate for employment. John has had a long and wide experience, having run the gamut of the billiard-room, from engineer of pool to chief of the bar.....It is seldom that Chas. Curran (225s) makes a man without great reputation; but a correspondent reminds us that we have been hasty in speaking of a very skillful amateur as "the late Dwight Sturtevant." And we remind ourselves that the gentleman who *has* passed away was the bosom friend of Mr. S.—a Mr. Farnsworth, also a Bostonian, and a fine amateur player. Mr. Farnsworth is now residing in Paris, Mr. S., we believe, is at present residing in Boston.....Isadore Gayraud will not return to this country. At least, such was his intention at last advices, and such, also, was Francois Ubassy's.....Maurice Vignaux has scarely billiardized at all since his return to France.....Maj. Lady Neil, who has been, too, while on duty at New London, Ct., was one of the competitors in the first State tournament—that for the championship of Connecticut, held at Hartford, Aug. 16, 17 and 18, 1864—is now stationed at Governor's Island, N. Y. Harbor, and his skillful cue is occasionally seen at Goldsmith Bro. & Co.'s Commerce and the other leading rooms of the metropolis.....Charles Bigelow of Hartford has just paid the metropolis one of his periodical visits, that on this occasion being extended to Brooklyn.....The new depot of the Providence and Boston Railroad has a billiard-room for the accommodation of waiting passengers. Its dimensions are about 30 by 70.....Frank Palmer has taken charge of the room known as Brock's Exchange, Wilmington, N. C.....The Brunswick & Balke Manufacturing Company furnish the tables for Warren Leland's grand hotel on San Francisco.....Clark Wilson, now supervisor of the bar at A. R. Samuells' room, Brooklyn, is anxious to play Edward Brian of Providence, R. I., that match at fifteen-ball pool. We fear that Edward has put his figures, $500 a side, a trifle too high. Providence is the only city in the world that has any money in that now.....There seems to have been a thorough suspension of the negotiations for a match between Maurice Daly of this city and George F. Slosson of Chicago. The programme, as originally put forth in a Chicago paper, was that Daly should go to Chicago and there let Slosson play him for that medal. It is not likely that Daly had been consulted.....There are notes of preparation for a first-class professional tournament in Chicago next Fall.....Hopes of lively bouts at pinpool in Flynn & Marin's room are based upon the promised advent here of Theodore Vignaux, brother of Maurice; and a pinpool tournament, open to the world, is spoken of among the possibilities of the coming Autumn. There would be exciting work with such rattlers in as Blanco, Albert Hoa, Cyrille Dion, Tim Flynn and Theodore Vignaux, to say nothing of Maurice Vignaux, Edward Bryan, and some of the St. Louis and Pittsburg Knights of Pinny.

DOONEY HARRIS is back in Gotham, after having for some months made his habitation and home in the Hub, where the boys treated him well, for which he returneth thanks, especially to Charley Welch and Johnny Carey, whose good deeds he'll not forget.

TWO HANDICAPS were decided at the grounds of the N. Y. Athletic Club on June 12. The first, a 100yds. spin, was won by T. P. Kelly (15ft.), beating F. J. Hynes (6ft.), and S. Strasburger (scratch) in the final heat; run in 11¾sec. The second event, a one-mile walk, was won by J. R. Curran (225s), defeating J. Fraser (115s), J. M. Pollock (215s), W. M. Stillwell (225s), W. E. Sinclair (115s), J. Mahoney (225s), and D. M. Stern (scratch). Time, 8:42.

DR. GROSS, the celebrated surgeon, was once dangerously ill. Soon after his recovery he met one of his patients, who remarked to him: "Oh, doctor, I rejoice to see that you are out again; had we lost you our good people would have died by the dozen." "Thank you, madam," replied the affable doctor, "but now I fear they will die by the Gross."

ATTAINING HIS MAJORITY.—While hoeing corn one afternoon he turned to his father, who was working with him, and said: "What time is it, father?" "Half-past two," replied the senior farmer. Throwing down his hoe, the son graduated from his farmer duties with this remark: "Twenty-one years ago to-day I was born; at half-past two in the afternoon. I was born; you can go your own hoeing after this!"

THE TURF.

JEROME PARK SPRING MEETING.

FIFTH DAY—TUESDAY, JUNE 15.

Unexceptionable racing weather, and fine sport, with a falling-off in the attendance, were the features. Four races were on the card, and the day was an auspicious one for the fielders, for only two favorites out of the four were successful.

THE TWO-YEAR-OLD RACE,

for a purse of $500, dash of half a mile, was the first event on the card. Those by untried horses, or out of untried mares, received an allowance of 3lb; if both untried, an allowance of 5lb. Five youngsters, all of them fillies, entered, and four claimed the allowance. The starters were D. McDaniel's filly, P. Lorillard's Tigress, A. B. Lewis & Co.'s Lady Clipper, and A. Belmont's Patience, all but Lady Clipper, who had 97 up, carrying 94lb. On the course, at the commencement of the pool-selling, Lady Clipper, who had won the Louisville Ladies' Stakes very easily and in good time, was first choice; but the execution of a small stable commission in favor of Mr. P. Lorillard's filly Tigress changed the betting, and the latter became first favorite. Mr. Belmont's imported Patience was also backed with spirit. Pools sold at the subjoined rates:

Lady Clipper	$165	$135	$250	$250
Tigress	165	185	250	250
Patience	140	70	120	125
McDaniel's filly	100	35	40	90

When the flag fell, Lady Clipper had her head turned the wrong way, and Tigress, swerving just at the moment the McDaniel filly jumped off with a lead of two lengths, with Patience next. Running up the new course, Tigress gained rapidly, was third at the three-quarter pole, and, passing Patience, took second place at the lower end of the stand. A close finish and very fast run race resulted in the victory of the McDaniel filly by a neck only. Time, 50 seconds. Patience finished a length behind Tigress, and Lady Clipper was last. No one was more surprised at the result than the owner of the winner; for, although he entertained a very high opinion of her early this season, the infirm state of her forelegs at the present time had entirely shaken his confidence in her ability to win.

THE LADIES' STAKES,

for fillies three years old, $100 each, half forfeit, with $1,000 added, the second horse to receive $300 out of the stakes, one mile and a half, was the next race. Of the thirty-nine nominations, the following six weighed in: D. McDaniel's Mattie A., Clark & Grinstead's Mildeal, Doswell & Cammack's Invoice, A. Belmont's Olitipa, and John F. Chamberlin's Lizzie R. and Scramble. Olitipa had shown such superior form at two years old over everything she came against—winning the Pilot Stakes, half-mile dash, in 47½ seconds, the fastest recorded time at the distance, and the Nursery Stakes at Jerome Park, one mile, in 1:46, and successfully commencing her three-year-old season by winning the Maryland Stakes at this meeting in the commonest of canters against such proved fast fillies as Pine Nut, Annadon, and Vinaigrette. Besides she was at once installed a rattling favorite for this race, pools selling as under:

Belmont	$600	$1,100	$2,600
McDaniel	150	410	880
Doswell & Co	70	200	275
Chamberlin	70	220	330
Clark & Grinstead	45	75	120

Considerable time was wasted before the starter lowered the flag, owing to the fractious behavior of Lizzie R., Invoice and Mildeal. Mattie A. took the lead when they were at last despatched on their journey, closely followed by Lizzie R. (who was ridden in blinkers), Olitipa, Invoice, Mildeal and Scramble. Running up the new straight course, Invoice rushed to the front, and at the three-quarter pole was leading Mildeal and Scramble half a length, with Mattie A. and the favorite close up, and a length in front of Lizzie R. Opposite the stand Mattie A. gave way to Olitipa and Chamberlin's pair, Invoice leading under the string a head in front of Mildeal and Lizzie R., while Olitipa was at the saddle-girths of the latter pair. Going around the upper turn, Invoice increased her lead to three lengths, and the hopes of the followers of the Virginia stable rose high, for they now believed she would never be caught, especially as she kept the gap open past the quarter pole and around the club-house bluff. At this stage of the race the backers of the white and crimson spots were horrified to see their bearers, Scramble and Lizzie R., fall back hopelessly beaten, in company with Mildeal, while Mattie A., emerging from the rear, raced up to Olitipa, and Sutcliffe ran abreast past the half-mile pole four lengths behind Invoice. The latter retained her lead into the homestretch, when she began to come back to her pursuers, and at the furlong pole the three leading horses were head-and-head. At this point Evans let go his pull on Olitipa's bridle, and, Mr. Reed having the long-untasted restraint on her action, her long, sweeping stride instantly placed her in the front, and, without ever being called upon to exert her latent speed, she won the race by two lengths in 2:23¾; Mattie A. as far before Invoice, and Chamberlin's pair beaten off.

The winner is by Lexington—Vista, by Glencoe; dam of Olitipa, Vista Belle, Vista Queen, Vista Star, Vista Bella, Vista Bonita, Vista Grande, Vista Reina, Vista Linda, Vista Rosa, Vista Blanca, Vista Alegre, Vista Hermosa, Vista Flora, Vista Diana, Vista Rica

THE PEERLESS GERALDINE,

THE QUEEN OF THE ROYAL SIDESHOW.

A tragical story, told in rhyme, Of unhallowed love and its sequel—crime.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

My tale, to a very great extent,
Is about a certain lady and gent;
And the events that happened—it's right that you
Should be told—occurred in seventy-two.

The lady's name was Geraldine—
And *his* was Joseph Adolphus Greene;
With the Royal Sideshow traveled she,
Attached to Sledger's Menagerie.

And she, you bet, was no fanciful myth,
But the greatest attraction connected therewith;
And when I say *greatest* I mean it; sounds!
She weighed between five and six hundred pounds.

Outside of the tent in which they showed,
Close by where the blatant "Blower" blowed,
A canvas fluttered in the breeze,
And on it hung picture—and words like these:

"This is the Peerless Geraldine!
The fairest lady ever seen!
Six feet tall and six feet round,
And weighs five hundred and eighty pound!
A sweeter creature was never born—
See her at once, ere she is gone!
Be in time! be in time! and do not miss
Seeing such a remarkable sight as this!"

And her picture!—ah, those eyes of blue
Looking so serenely at you!
What masses of gorgeous golden hair!
What arms—so full and round and fair!
And (mention it I suppose I must)
What a charming display of bust!
Then her beautiful dress of heavenly pink
Must have taken a hundred yards, I think;
And her rosy lips perked in such a way
They really seemed to distinctly say—
"Be in time! be in time! and do not miss
Seeing such a remarkable sight as this!"

Another picture—a Bonsless Man—
A-bending as only the bonsless can;
A real *contortion*, a regular boa—
Some spotted snakes and a lot of more;
A dwarf, and a giant twelve feet tall,
But the Peerless Geraldine slayed 'em all!

And our hero—Joseph Adolphus G.—
I hear you asking: "Now, who was he?"
He was born—we'll put it on record, please—
In the village of Skaneateles;
At the time I write of, I am told,
He was going on thirty years old.
The most remarkable thing about *him*
Was that he was tall and tre-men-dous slim;
He tipped the scales at just forty-one—
In fact, was a walking skeleton:
But he had plenty of "blunt," whole stacks of pelf,
And nothing to do but enjoy himself

And Joseph Adolphus Greene was a bach.—
The girls all thought him a first-class catch;
They tried to entangle him in their net,
But there hadn't anyone caught him yet;
He was the thinnest man that they ever saw,
But they thought of his money and gay galore,
And they simpered and smiled and ogled, and tried
Each one for herself to be Joseph's bride.

But all in vain; for our hero J.
Was not to be caught in any such way;
Not in any such ways as those I
None of them had enough adipose
To suit his critical, classic eye,
So he passed them haughtily, coldly by;
The one he should marry—he'd set his bounds—
Shouldn't weigh less than six hundred pounds;
And up to this time you may infer,
He hadn't found one to his mind at all.

How very strange do we mortals act!
Now, aint it a physiological fact
That the thinnest, skinniest, boniest man
Picks out the fattest woman he can?
And the tallest girl likes to sit in the lap
Of a little, stunted, five-foot chap?
If you would spare me an hour or two,
I think I could explain to you
Why "this is thus," at some other time—
Just now I must hurry along with my rhyme.

The years rolled on. J. Adolphus Greene,
At the time I write of had never seen
The one whom he could make his wife;
He grew cross, dejected, and sick of life—
And thinner, and scantier of limb—
Life seemed to have very few charms for him.

But one morning, about half-past ten,
He was taking a stroll through the main street, when,
To his wonder and to his great surprise,
A remarkable vision met his eyes!
What should our Joseph Adolphus see
But the tents of Slodger's Menagerie,
With their banners and flags, and to the Lord knows what,
Pitched all in a row in a vacant lot;
He heard the roars of the animals, and
Also the brassy strains of the band.

The wild and wonderful Hippocamp,
That looked like an elephant with a cramp;
The fierce Gorilla, the Horned Zebu,
The gentle Lynx and the Wanderoo,
The Hippopotamus, the spry Giraffe,
Lagostomys and the Five-legged Calf,
The Wart-hog, Jaguar, the fleet Kachaw,
The Pangolin, and the Sloth, and Mohr,
The Koodoo and the Lioness,
And two or three hundred—more or less—
In pictures were on the tents displayed,
But no impression on him they made;
When he glanced at the cut of the weird Wombat
He wasn't as much as startled by that;
And even the festive Kirkajou
Hardly knew if *that* was weighing a ton or 98lb.
He didn't note, and he didn't care
A straw for the Yak or the Polar Bear;
One might have thought that the Aracole
Would have sent a thrill through his dormant soul;
But no! nor the Hyrax nor Chimpanzee
Had the least attraction for J. A. G.

When all of a sudden—it's my belief—
He shook in his boots like an aspen leaf!
Just at that moment a thing met his e'e
That touched a spot in his heart's cold core!

It was the picture of Geraldine!
There, at last, was his heart's own queen!
Those arms! those eyes! those hair! those bust!
Joseph Adolphus the world to boot and a crust!

Just then the "Blower" began his blast;
Over the crowd his eye he cast;
He smiled as a first-class "Blower" can,
And, clearing his husky throat, began:

"My heavens," quoth the Blower, "now I warn you—be in time!
The Wonders of the Universe are here from every clime!
If you listen for a moment and hear what I shall say,
Without viewing these curiosities we will never go away.
Most amazing curiosities are within these two large tents—
And the price of admission—why, it's only twenty cents!
Be in time and get in ready—buy your ticket and pass in—
This minister will exhibition in five minutes will begin!
Here you'll see the Roman Giant, twelve feet six inches tall;
A Learned Pig, a Juggler, and an Infant with a caul;
Signor Biles, who makes his breakfast of common paving-stones,
And a Living Skeleton who plays a solo on his bones!
You can fondle the Anaconda—all, if you have a mind—
Stroke in the Ornithorhynx that they ever saw,
But the strongest man break an anvil with nothing but his fist!
A Baby Elephant, my friends—a pair of real bloodhounds—
And Geraldine the Peerless, who weighs six hundred pounds!
Step up! step up! my hearers, and mind what you're about;
For twenty cents you can go in—it's nothing to go out!
See Geraldine the Peerless, whose charms are sung in rhyme!
Now, get your money ready—and, I pray you, be in time!"
This was the speech that Adolphus heard;
His greedy ear drank in every word;
He purchased a ticket quicker'n flash,
And for admittance he made a dash.

And as the hand-organ blowed its blast,
By the Albino Lady passed,
Tumbled over the Baby Elephant,
Trod on the Learned Pig till he made him grunt,
And faltered not till he stood and seen
The beautiful, peerless Geraldine!

There, seated upon a dazzling throne,
Her lovely blue eyes met his own.
He started! Cupid sent a dart
Straight in the midst of young Adolphus' heart:
He was smitten, smashed, and conquered quite;
'Twas a genuine case of love at first sight!

'Twould take more space than's allowed me here
To follow him in his mad career.
Suffice it to say he became her slave,
And most extraordinarily did behave;
He bought her bracelets and chains and rings;
And candy and other flattering things;
Silk dresses and similar booms;
Monogram-garters and chemiloons;
He followed her round from town to town—
Ascertained that her maiden name was Jerusha Brown—
And, to leave on his part no thing undone,
Let himself to the show as a Skeleton!
He was the funniest of sights
When he was attired in his sable tights;
But pleasant to him those bright days were
When he could be always near to her.

He used to play to her on the flute,
And in various ways he pressed his suit;
When—at last the moment arrived of his life!—
He learned she was Brown the Blower's wife!

She tried all she could to soften the blow;
She loved Joseph Adolphus—she told him so;
She loved him wildly, and madly too,
But *while Brown lived* what could she do?
She had been with a deadly hate—
Why *did* Joseph meet her in life so late?
Cruel, indeed, was her dismal fate!
When Joseph heard it he shrieked and moaned,
And Joseph he tore his hair and groaned.

The Peerless began to waste away!
She lost at the rate of a pound a day;
At this gradual decrease in heft,
In two months there'd be nothing left!
It was dreadful! Joseph pondered long;
His heart was brave and his nerve was strong;
And at length a diabolical plan
Entered the soul of this desperate man!

Brown was one of the easy-going kind;
To all these doings had he been blind;
He loved good living—he loved good cheer—
His whiskey, his pipe, and his lager-beer—
And as long as Jerusha was pretty and fair,
And he had these three—why, he didn't care.

"*While Brown lives!*" Adolphus daily cried,
"Bliss to my soul is to be denied;
Why exist in this torture? Why, oh, why?
It never shall be! *this man must die!*"

The more he pondered, the more it grew,
And he settled down to do the deed;
He purchased corrosive sublimate,
And not long to use it had he to wait;
He invited Brown out to drink, one day,
In a careless, friendly kind of way,
And, with a sort of mysterious pass,
He slipped the poison into his glass.
"Here's to your health!" said the fated Brown—
He drank, he shuddered, he tumbled down;
A gasp! and he pressed his hand to his head—
"Good Lord!" said the people, "the man is dead!"

They rushed for the doctors, and, when they came,
They inquired his age, profession and name;
They felt of his pulse, and when through with it
Said he had died in an apoplectic fit.

Greene lost no time: the very next day
To the town-hall he repaired, where Brown
And in less than a week did Geraldine
Change her name to Mrs. J. A. Greene.

They had one of the choicest, rarest treats,
In fact, the "funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish" the festive board;
They had all that the market could afford—
Music and flowers and everything
That plenty of spondulics could bring.
The marriage took place at half-past seven,
The last act Jerusha wash't gone till eleven;
And when the last of them had gone,
Greene stretched his arms and began to yawn;
And, after a few loving words were said,
They to their bridal chamber sped:
Oh, happiest moment of his life!
Geraldine was, at last, *his* wife!

Rat-tat-tat!
What the devil was that?
What were those raps at the head of their bed?
The smiles from the face of our hero fled!

Rat-tat-tat!
Their hearts went pit-a-pat!
They sat up in bed—how their pulses beat!
For there stood Brown in his winding-sheet.

Geraldine started up and turned very red,
Well could her husband—for she was dead!
It gave her such a terrible start,
And she'd had for years disease of the heart.

Greene dashed from the bed in his robe de nuit,
And took to sudden, precipitate flight;
Didn't those slim legs put it, though,
Down the stairs as fast as he could go?
Perhaps you don't know how a fellow feels
With an inch of cold steel in the small of his heels;
You aint apt to stop for your pants and hat
When he's there—in a winding-sheet at that!
No, sir! and Adolphus didn't wait!
He struck about a two-twenty gait;
He was scared and shaky and lank and slim—
With Brown with a meat-axe after him.

Out and along the avenues,
Like the wind in a hemlock, they fleetly flew—
Both of them stripped to their very buff;
The night was cold and the road was rough;
They reached the river and in Greene went,
But Brown he couldn't swim worth a cent,
And he gave a dismal growl and a roar
As Greene struck out for the opposite shore

To the present day, from that dreadful night,
Of him he has never got a sight;
He has sought him high, he has sought him low,
And he still remains his deadly foe.

What a fearful *faux pas* did those M. D.'s make;
The very worst kind of a mal mistake!
Brown, when they thought so, wan't dead a bit,
And not within twenty mile of it;
He had only a catalepsic fit!
But Greene hurried him off to the lonely tomb,
And he lay there in darkness and solemn gloom
For four or five days, and when he came to
He didn't know what exactly to do.

His attire was nowhewhat airy and light,
So he waited deliberately till night;
Then stealthily walked to his late residence
By the way at the back, and scaled over the fence;
What a startling sight met his wondering gaze!
He saw flowers—the rooms were all of a blaze—
He heard music, and up to the window got
Just as the parson had tied the knot!

What a terrible row *some* men would make!
He did'nt; he gave his old sheet a shake
And then?—why, he quietly slips up-stairs,
And for the *denouement* prepares;
He hid behind the bridal bed—
And what followed you have already read.
Reader, the beautiful town of A——
Has a churchyard; if ever you pass that way,
And a marble monument shall see,
With on it only the letter G,
Over which the weeping willows wave,
You may know that that is Geraldine's grave!

If you come across an inferior case,
Long and lank and cadaverous,
Scared and anxious and all of a shake,
Looking as though his heart would break,
With sunken eye and with visage lean—
Look at him sharp—*for that man is Greene!*

And if in your wanderings you shall meet
Another who mutters "Revenge is sweet,"
Who coldly stalks up and down the streets,
Furtively eyeing each man he meets,
Looking as though he would like to knock him down—
Mark that man well—*for that man is Brown!*

Reader, do you love another man's wife?
Don't seek, I pray you, to take his life!
Take my advice, instead, and wait;
Don't give him corrosive sublimate!
To be sure, in the little song I've sung
Brown didn't die, and Greene wasn't hung;—
But such experiments won't do;
It might not fare so easy with *you*,
And *another* line than this, my friend,
To my story and you might put an end!

J. H. B.

A BOXING MATCH.

ENGLISH BONE AND MUSCLE vs. KENTUCKY FLESH AND BLOOD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY SI SLOKUM.

He came from Louisville, Ky.
Which his name it was Charley Billingsley.
Which he was known as "The Infant," "The Little Corporal," and "Featherweight," on account of his diminutive stature and slight avoirdupois.

Which he stood six feet seven inches in his stockings, and "tipped the beam," after thirty days' dieting, at 374lb. He never weighed himself when fat, for reasons of his own. Probably he never aspired to membership of a fat men's club. Maybe he thought he was a "clan" "all alone to himself." Know of four young fellows whose weight in the aggregate would not equal his when in right good condition. And a "club" need not necessarily have more than four members. Ergo, was he not as good as a "club" of four diminutives of ninety-two pounds weight respectively? In matter—bone and muscle, flesh and blood—we say he was, if not in mind and votes. But that is "irrelevant" (we have become familiar with this word from reading the Brooklyn Beecher-Tilton "onpleasantness," and so employ it here).

Which he (Charley Billingsley) was the peregrinating agent of Messrs. T. H. Sherley & Co., agents in turn (located in Louisville, Ky.) for the purchase and sale of Kentucky whiskeys, of which fluid there are several brands grown in said State.

And from the State which has raised or nurtured as noted men as any other—Daniel Boone, Henry Clay, George D. Prentice, three types—which raises as good horses, as tall and heavy grass (blue-joint pattern), and better whiskeys (of divers patterns), than any other State, not to mention hemp and other things, the "Little Corporal," etc., meanders periodically, and percolates, so to speak, through the several other States of the Union, omitting none, but visiting all, on the whiskey lay—that is, seeking those with whom he can lay down stocks of the national beverage, to their advantage (that of those whom he represents).

And in his meanderings he comes to New York not infrequently. And last week he meandered within the confines of the Empire State. And—as is his wont, if the hour be not unpropitious—he sought, first of all men and things, his well-beloved friend Mr. Frank Kinney, also of the whiskey persuasion (whose name, by the way, located in Gotham—a gentleman extensively and favorably known to the whiskey trade generally).

And Frank, too, is of liliputian stature and build, standing only six-feet-two in his stockings, weighing only two hundred and thirty-four pounds, and measuring only forty-six inches round the chest.

And the Kentucky "Infant" found his *little* Gotham friend Frank, who did not happen to be, as he mostly is, "out on the fly." And Kentucky and New York embraced in the persons of two of their most nobly-formed and solid sons. But there was no "paroxysmal kissing," no sympathetic kissing, no "holy kissing," no kissing of any kind, in fact, between the friends, but there was handshaking so extensive that it might be termed "paroxysmal," and that denoted the existence, in the highest degree, of the most unadulterated "true inwardness"—a "true inwardness" not exceeded in purity by that possessed by the most zealous and pious of Parson Beecher's remarkable flock, which is possessed of nothing in the moral and spiritual way if not "true inwardness."

Five minutes later, and these *diminutive* specimens of the genus homo, from Kentucky and New York respectively, might have been seen each with arm turning into Spruce, from Nassau street, down which they proceeded in cheerful converse. Alongside the Kentucky "Infant," with his six-feet-seven of perpendicular humanity, his three-feet of square-by-built shoulders, and his 374lb avoirdupois, "Little Frank," as the other is sometimes called, looked, malgre his magnificent physique, like a pigmy; and when Frank Kinney, standing head and shoulders above the average man, looks small of stature beside another, that other is "some" man, reader; and Charley Billingsley is all of that, in every sense of the term.

Both the gentlemen were straight as arrows, and, as they walked arm-in-arm down Spruce street (themselves far more "spruce" than the street), attracted much attention from passers-by and doorway-loungers. It was not the disparity in size that caused men to look at the friends as they passed down the street (we say nothing about women looking, as Spruce street is not a fashionable promenade with the sex, who are met with here only at early morn and dewy eve, when coming to and going from their daily labor); but it was the fact that, of two such big men seen together (not every day do we meet with such in company), one should be so much bigger than the other, the smaller of the pair being an extraordinarily large man himself—one of the "extra sizes" of the genus homo, as big as the biggest in a thousand.

The step of the New Yorker was light, easy, graceful and elastic, while the tread of the Kentuckian was firm, solid, heavy and regular, like the tramp of a platoon of heavy artillery on "inspection day." His feet are not large for his body—not beyond the capacity of No. 10 boots—came down upon the walk like the feet of Attila's horse upon the sod of Persia or thereabouts; and as no blade of grass ever grew where the steed of the "Scourge of God" set his blighting foot, so would no grasshopper seed spring up from the soil of desolated Kansas, where he pressed the foot of the colossal "Infant" of Kentucky.

Just before reaching William street, the Yorker "steered" the Kentuckian towards a snug little wine-room, the proprietor of which evidently did not intend to "hide *his* light under a bushel," judging from the exterior, placarded with a score or more of show-cards, and with ostentation banneret, informing passers-by what could be obtained within in the way of palatable and refreshing beverages, which, if the placards could be relied upon, were of the most delectable kinds and in infinite variety, said beverages being set forth and heralded with such adjectives as "delicious," "delightful," "excellent," "elegant," "fine," "purity," "splendid," "superb," and others equally extolling.

"Hullo!" exclaimed the Kentuckian, as the painted show in divers colors met his eye. "What's this? The sideshow of a circus?"

"Not exactly," laughed the Yorker. "This is known as the 'House of Many Signs.' Some call it the 'Adjective Saloon.'"

"Well they might," said the "Infant," looking with curiosity at the sundry signs hung out to catch the eyes of passers-by whose palates were not strangers to "invigorators;" and then he followed his friend into the place of many signs.

"Hullo, Sammy!" said the Yorker, addressing the young, curly-haired, blue-eyed, blonde bartender, "where's the old man?"

"'E's not in the 'ouse—'ere he comes, though," replied the young fellow, whose speech at one proclaimed him a native of Albion.

"Hullo, Uncle George!" This from the Yorker to a short, stout, bench-built, round-shouldered, pleasant-faced man (albeit his left eye was sightless, and nearly closed) of about fifty years, who entered at the moment, responding to the salutation of the other with:

"Hullo! Frank. How are you?"

"I'm well. This is the Kentucky Giant, Uncle George. Mr. Billingsley, Mr. Rogers."

The two "shook."

"What do you think of *him*, Uncle George?" queried the Yorker, Frank. "Pretty good-sized boy, aint he?"

"Well, blame my skin if he aint a likely lad, Frank. *You* don't look so big to me now, alongside of him. But come, Mr. Giant, I've heard of you before—the Kentucky Giant—come, Frank, what'll you have?—both."

The trio imbibed, Frank and the Kentuckian respectively "doing the honors" in due time, a pleasant conversation being kept up.

"You can't beat this boy for size in *this* town, Uncle George," said Frank at length. "I've got the champion lad here."

"I can match him, though, to a pound," said Uncle George.

"I'd like to see the man. What is he? What's he do?" queried Frank.

"He's an Englishman, and a machinist. Works up above here. Comes in every evening, after he gets through work, for his glass of beer. He's a stunner, I tell you."

"What's his name, Uncle George?"

"Kemp, I think—aint it, Sammy?" The latter allowed it was.

"He *may* be as big as my boy here," said Frank, "but he can't put up with him. My boy's a sparrer; you ought to see him with the gloves on."

"Ah, ha! then I can match this lad again" (Uncle George was old enough to be the Kentuckian's father, with several years to spare, while Frank was his senior), "for my man's a sparrer, too—smarter 'n chain-lightning."

The eyes of the Kentuckian glistened with the light of satisfaction, and he turned to his friend with a look which said, if anything, "You know what to say in this matter."

His friend understood the glance at once.

"I tell you what I'll do, Uncle George," said he, in his easy way and low tone. "I'll bet a couple of bottles that my boy, here, can take the conceit out of your man in five minutes, with the gloves on, and two bottles more that he draws 'first blood.'"

The "Infant's" eyes flashed his approval and delight.

"I'll take you, Frank," said "Uncle George," a peculiarly confident smile denoting that he had a "soft thing of it," or thought he had, at any rate.

"I'll go better, too; blame my skin if I don't," he added in a moment. "I'll double the bet that our young friend here don't draw the claret at all, and the same bet that he don't hit my man a face or body blow. I tell you, my man's a rattler. Remember, he's a heavy machinist, working every day; that his flesh is like iron, and his sinews and cords like steel. I wouldn't want him to hit our young friend here with his naked fist—I wouldn't, 'pon honor."

The Kentuckian smiled one of those smiles which denote nothing if not absolute confidence in one's powers, and if not contempt for, then disbelief in the vaunted prowess of others. He modestly declined to say anything in the premises, but looked significantly at his friend, who, knowing his skill, did not believe "Uncle George" had anyone who could "get away with him," and did not need to be prompted in regard to the wager put forth, but took the bet at once, saying:

"You have a good deal of confidence in your man, Uncle George."

"I have," said the latter.

"Well, I *know* my Kentucky boy, here; and your mutton is cooked—done brown. Come, let's have up a bottle here now. Sammy, Uncle George will settle for this. If he don't, I'll pay for an extra one."

That bottle and another were disposed of, other parties, acquaintances of Frank, dropping in. The next day but one was agreed upon as the day when the trial between the Kentuckian and the Englishman should come off, the hour being set, and "Uncle George" volunteering to obtain a place near by—a loft where the friends of both parties could witness the "passage at arms." Matters being arranged and understood, "Little Frank" and the "Infant" Kentuckian retired from the "Adjective Saloon," the last-named "feeling good" at the prospect of a set-to, which, beyond any other pastime, he dearly loved; and, Frank "feeling good," too, not so much because he felt confident of winning the wager, but because he wanted to see his friend disarm—fit the adversary that had been matched against him, so firmly believing that he could—in the matter of "science"—stand before any man in the world with the gloves on, as to admit not the faintest shadow of a doubt to his mind.

The next day but one, and the hour agreed upon came round in due season; and in a vacant loft in the neighborhood of the "saloon of many signs," a goodly company of congenial spirits were assembled to witness the boxing-match between the gigantic Kentuckian and (according to "Uncle George") an equally gigantic Englishman, the former backed by "Little Frank," (Kinney), the latter by the said "Uncle George."

The Kentuckian and his backer were on hand at an early moment, and the former was discussed, and not a little admired, on account of his imposing stature, by the gentlemen present, several of whom "went blind," so to speak, on the "Infant," offering their greenbacks on him without seeing the man who was to contest with him the palm of superiority, and who had not put in an appearance.

The hour appointed—three, sharp!—was within two minutes of the revolving wheel of old Father Time, and still "Uncle George" and his man remained away, bringing a number to the "ragged edge" of anxiety and doubt, fearful of being cheated of their fun, or their enjoyment of a sparring match extraordinary, concerning which they had been indulging in the brightest anticipations; and none looked more anxious for the coming of the "party of the second part" than the hitherto sportive Kentuckian, who, with gloves on, "his soul in arms and eager for the fray," felt fearful of disappointment, which would rob him of his appetite for three meals, to say the least.

"Where's the other man?" "Where's Rogers?" "The other feller's sick, I reckon," "Uncle George has weakened," were among the conundrums and sarcastic allusions uttered by the anxious waiters, as old Father Time caught up the hour of three in his remorseless grasp, only to be loosened when the hour was rolled off into the past forever.

"I'll see if I can find the old man—Rogers," volunteered one of the party present, and started for the door.

"Bring him in dead or alive—we are not to be fooled in this way with impunity," spoke out another.

At that very instant the door opened and in came "Uncle George"—alone and smiling. Murmurs and looks of disappointment issued, the one from the lips of, and settled the other, upon the faces of the party in waiting, the Kentuckian looking the personification of the "raggedest-edged" disappointment, blue-black and gangrened.

"How's this? Where's your man, Uncle George?" immediately queried the Kentuckian's friend, as the man addressed approached him.

"Aint he here?" was the responsive query of "Uncle George," looking quite surprised. "He *must* be here," he added, looking about among the company, and moving this way and that way to catch sight of all the others, looking around, too, though knowing there was no other person corresponding in size with the Kentuckian as understood.

"He said he'd be here, sure," said "Uncle George" musingly, working about among the company, and craning his neck to discover his man, the others laughing at his action, and thinking they "smelled a mice," perhaps.

"I don't think he'd disappoint me—ah, there he is! Alec, come here," came from "Uncle George," his face lighting up with satisfaction as he spoke.

There came tripping forward a good-looking young fellow of twenty-five or six years of age, of most diminutive stature and build, standing not over 4ft. 11, and weighing not an ounce over 98lb, and this was "Uncle George's" man, whom he had backed to put on the gloves with the huge Kentuckian! A Lilliputian against a Gulliver!

"Are you ready to put on the gloves, Alec, with the gentleman there?" asked "Uncle George" of the diminutive young fellow, and looking earnest.

"I am," was the response of the young fellow, who added: "I feel just like having a bout to-day; I can 'it out 'ard, I think," and he felt the muscles of his arms. His words and action "brought down the house." The burst of laughter that simultaneously came from the lips of the party, leaving out the Kentuckian, who stood mutely looking at "Alec" with an expression that would be hard to define, made up as it was of surprise, curiosity, disappointment, and disgust at having lost an hour's favorite pastime—that burst of laughter might have been heard on the top of the tall tower of *The Tribune* building, so hearty was it and sounding.

"Sold, by Jove!—the best sell of all the season!" cried one of the gentlemen of the party, and the first to speak.

"No sell at all," said "Uncle George" seriously. "My man means business. This evoked more hearty laughter, and he led his "man" to the Kentuckian. In juxtaposition, the contrast afforded was more striking than when the two were apart—it was very great and mirth-provoking. Six-feet-seven, and 364lb, contrasted with four-feet-eleven, and 88lb of humanity!

"Why, you've got a big 'Uncle George,' don't weigh as much as one of the big fellow's legs, from the thigh-bone down," said one of the company, laughing.

"No matter about that—wait till he gets to work," responded "Uncle George," in the soberest manner.

"David and Goliah!" said another of the party. The comparison was looked upon as apt, and produced further merriment, which was very greatly increased when "Alec" said most seriously:

"You all know how it fared with Goliah," putting on the gloves as he spoke. The remark and the tone and manner "brought down the house" heavily.

"Shake 'ands, my friend," said "Alec," holding out his gloved hand. "I don't mean to 'urt you, remember, but I may strike harder than I think you know." The young fellow took a position, as he spoke, in front of the huge Kentuckian, threw out his arms, and by his handling of them convinced all that he was versed in the "manly art of self-defense."

The merriment was great, and none now enjoyed the thing so seriously carried out by "Alec" more than the Kentuckian's bottle-friend, and shook with laughter; but, to carry the thing out, he "put up," and "struck an attitude," and then, with those two individuals—the mastodon and mink, per contrast—in the attitude of boxers about to engage, was reached the acme of merriment and hilarity. The burlesque spectacle was a most ludicrous one, and would have provoked laughter from the most ascetic of the race; and this, taken with the fact that they came to see a genuine boxing match, all on the tip-toe of anticipation, but meeting with a burlesque, raised the company to the empyrean of merriment.

"Look hout now; I'm going to 'it 'ard, sir," said "Alec," as he sawed the air with his arms, the stuffed gloves almost hiding him from view.

"Go it, little one; put in your 'left duke' on his snuff-trap," cried one of the company, the remark being followed immediately by a loud, authoritative knock at the door, which was locked. No one heeded it on the instant, it being occupied "with the boxing match." Another knock, and a loud, authoritative voice demanded admittance, threatening to break in if not admitted.

The door was opened, when in trooped a platoon of policemen, headed by a sergeant, who instantly made his way to the "front," so to speak, the others disposing themselves around, and about, ready to execute the orders of their superior.

When he got where he could see the two "gladiators"—the mammoth and the mite—the sergeant stopped, and, gazing at the "matched pair" a moment, exploded with laughter, exclaiming:

"Sold, by Jupiter! Got word there was a prize-fight going on here, gentlemen," said he, "and came to interview you. Here, boys, come see the prize-fighters," he sung out to his men, who "came up smiling," and went down a few moments after, laughing heartily over the "prize-fight" they had attended.

The company shortly adjourned to "Uncle George's," neither of the "principals" in the affair being any the worse for the "punishment" he had received, the Kentuckian as fresh, and the Englishman as lithe, as "before the battle."

Who "put it up" on the police? was the question on all sides. A number there were who, knowing "Uncle George," did not hesitate to lay the "job" at his door. He only laughed and said:

"You can't think so, gentlemen—come, what'll you have?"

Considerable wine and many beverages, heavily handicapped with adjectives, were consumed in the course of an hour, and a "champion belt" was voted to "Alec" for the pluck and endurance he had exhibited in the trial with an antagonist of such preponderant physique.

Charley Billingsley, the "Infant" from Kentucky, says when next he is "matched" he will see his opponent before he goes to the rendezvous. Frank Kinney says ditto when next he backs his friend. "Uncle George" says he knows what he is about when he bets—every time.

An Ancient Epitaph.

A quaint and interesting representation of the style of lettering and embellishing tombstones in England two centuries ago is furnished by an impression, taken with printer's ink and proof block from the marble covering of a grave in an old church-yard near London. In the center, near the head of the imprint, are full likenesses of Mr. George Coles and his two wives, one on either side, and beneath them, in separate panels, are the likenesses of their twelve children—three by the first wife being in the first panel, and nine by the second wife in the other. They are all clad in antiquated costume; beneath them two hands are clasped in a "love-knot," followed by these lines:

Farewell, trve friends, reader understand
By this mysterious knott of hand in hand
This emblem doth (what friends must fayle to doe)
Relate ovr friendshipp and its firmness too.
Svch was ovr love, not time but death shall sever
Ovr mortal parts, by ovr immortal never,
All things doe vanish here below, above,
Svch as ovr life is, there svch is ovr love.

A border inclosing the whole is in the same style of lettering, and makes the following announcement:

Here reseth ye body of Mr. George Coles of Northampton, with his two wives, Sarah and Eleanor, by whom he had 12 children. He gave to plovs xxxs XI pounds yearly for ever to this town and decease ye first of January 1648.

The "Infant's" eyes flashed his approval and delight.

COMFORT FOR THE BALD.—Bald-headed men are only living a little in advance of their time. According to Darwin, we are indebted to our frisky ancestor the ape for our hair, and men with long beards and prolific scalps have no reason to feel that they are particularly superior to their less lovely fellow-men. It may be extinction to the barber business, and a blow to human vanity, but the coming man is to be bald-headed.

AMUSEMENTS AT THE FAIRS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Numerous illuminations of manuscripts in the Harleian collection, many of which were reproduced in Strutt's work on the sports and pastimes of the English people, having established the fact that itinerant professors of the art of amusing were in the habit of tramping from town to town, and village to village, for at least two centuries before the Norman conquest of England, there can be no doubt that the fairs were so many foci of attraction for them at the times when they were respectively held. As we are told that the minstrels and glee-men flocked to the towns and villages which grew up under the protection of the baronial castles when the marriage of the lord, or the coming of age of the heir, furnished an occasion of popular revelry, and also when the many red-letter days of the mediæval calendar came round, we may be sure that they were not absent from Bartlemy Fair even in its earliest years.

Glee-men was a term which included dancers, posturers, jugglers, tumblers, and exhibitors of trained performing monkeys and quadrupeds; and, the masculine including the feminine in this case, many of these performers were women and girls. The illuminations which have been referred to, and which constitute our chief authority as to the amusements of the fairs during the middle ages, introduce us to female posturers and tumblers, in the act of performing the various feats which have been stock in trade of the acrobatic profession down to the present day. The jugglers exhibited the same feats with balls and knives as their representatives of the nineteenth century. What is professionally designated "The Shower," in which the balls succeed each other rapidly, while describing a circle from right to left, is shown in one of the Harleian illuminations.

Balancing feats were also exhibited, and in one of these curious illustrations of the sights which delight our fair-going ancestors, the balancing of a cart-wheel is represented—a trick which might have been witnessed not many years ago in the streets of London, the performer being an elderly negro, said to have been the father of the well-known rope-dancer George Christoff, who represented the Pompeian performer on the *cord elastique*, when Mr. Oxenford's version of "The Last Days of Pompeii" was produced at the Queen's Theatre.

Performing monkeys, bears, and horses appear in many of the mediæval illuminations, and were probably as popular agents of public amusement in the days of the "merrie" Bartlemy Fair as they can be shown, from other authorities, to have been in the sixteenth century. That monkeys were imported rather numerously for the amusement of the public may be inferred from the fact of some Chancellor of the Exchequer of the middle ages having subjected them to an import duty. Their agility was displayed chiefly in vaulting over a chain or cord. Bears were taught to feign death, and to walk erect after their leader, who played some musical instrument. Horses were also taught to walk on their hind legs, and one drawing in the Harleian collection shows a horse in this attitude, engaged in a mimic fight with a man armed with a sword and buckler.

All these performances seem to have been continued, by successive generations of performers, down to the time of Elizabeth. Reginald Scot, writing in 1584, gives a lengthy enumeration of the tricks of the jugglers who frequented the fairs of the latter part of the sixteenth century. Among them are most of the common tricks of the present day, and also the least remarkable is the decapitation feat, which many Englishmen have probably seen performed by the famous wizards of modern times at the Egyptian Hall. Three hundred years ago, it was called "The Decollation of St. John the Baptist," and was performed upon a table, upon which stood a dish to receive the head. The table, the dish, and the knife used in the decapitation were all contrived for the purpose, the table having two holes in it, one to enable the assistant who submitted to the operation to conceal his head, the other, corresponding to a hole in the dish, to receive the head of another confederate who was concealed beneath the table, in a sitting position; while the knife had a sort of telescopic contrivance in the blade to fit the neck. Another knife, of the ordinary kind, was shown to the spectators, who were prevented by a sleight-of-hand trick from observing the substitution for it of the knife used in the trick. The engraving in Malcolm's work shows the man to be operated upon lying upon the table, apparently headless, while the head of the other assistant appears in a dish.

That *lusus naturæ*, and other natural curiosities, had begun to be exhibited by showmen in the reign of Elizabeth, may be inferred from the allusions to exhibitions in "The Tempest," when Caliban is discovered, and the mariners speculate upon his place in the scale of animal being. It seems also that the practice of displaying in front of the shows large pictures of the wonderful feats, or curious natural objects, to be seen within, prevailed in the sixteenth century, and probably long before; for it is distinctly alluded to in a passage in Jonson's play of "The Alchymist," in which the master of the servant who has filled the house with searchers after the philosopher's stone says:

"What should my knave advance
To draw this company? He hung out no banners
Of an strange calf with five legs to be seen,
Or a huge lobster with six claws."

Some further glimpses of the Bartlemy Fair shows of the Elizabethan period are afforded in the induction or prologue to another play of Jonson's, namely, the comedy of "Bartholomew Fair," acted in 1614. "He," says the dramatist, speaking of himself, "has ne'er a sword and buckler-man in his fair; nor a juggler with a well-educated ape to come over the chain for the King of England, and back again for the Prince, and sit still on his haunches for the Pope and the King of Spain." The sword and buckler-man probably performed with a partner in such a mimic combat of man and horse as is represented in the illumination which has been referred to. The monkey whose protestant proclivities are noted in the latter part of the passage is mentioned in a poem of Davenant's.

We cannot suppose absent from the metropolitan fairs the celebrated performing horse Morocco, and his instructor, of whom Sir Walter Raleigh says: "It Banks had lived in our time, he would have shamed all the enchanters in the world; for whosoever was most famous among them could never master or instruct any beast as he did." That Shakespeare witnessed the performances of Morocco, which combined arithmetical calculations with saltatorial exercises, is shown by the allusion in "Love's Labor's Lost," when Moth puzzles Armado with arithmetical questions, and says: "Thus domineering is Trip and I." Sir Kenelin Digby states that the animal "would restore a glove to the due owner after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear; and would tell the just number of pence in any silver coin newly showed him by his master."

Banks quitted England for the Continent with his horse in 1636, and De Mellray, who witnessed the performance of the animal in the Rue St. Jacques, in Paris, says that Morocco could not only tell the number of francs in a crown, but knew that the crown was depreciated at the time, and knew the exact amount of the depreciation. From Paris, Banks traveled with his learned horse to Geneva, where his fame which they had acquired brought him under the imputation of being a sorcerer, and he had a narrow escape of being burned at the stake in that character. Bishop Morton says that he cleared himself by commanding his horse to "seek out one in the press of people who had a crucifix in his hat; which done, he bade him kneel down unto it; and not only so, but also to rise up again, and to kiss it. 'And now, gentlemen,' quoth he, 'I think my horse hath acquitted both me and himself;' and so his adversaries rested satisfied; conceiving (as it might seem) that the devil had no power to come near the cross."

We next hear of Banks and his horse at Frankfort-on-the-Main, where Bishop Morton saw them and heard from the former the story of his narrow escape from Orleans. Their further wanderings cannot be traced; and, though it has been inferred, from a passage in a burlesque poem by Jonson, that Banks was burned as a sorcerer, the grounds which the poet has for assigning such a dreadful end to the famous horse-charmer are unknown, and may have been no more than an imperfect recollection of what he had heard of the Orleans story.

A hare which played the tabor is alluded to by Jonson in the comedy before mentioned; and this performance also was not unknown to earlier times, one of the Harleian illuminations representing it.

Dancing on the tight rope has been exhibited in the fifteenth century. When Jonson wrote his comedy, the amusing classes, encouraged by popular favor, were raising their heads again, after the sore discouragement of the Vagrancy Act of Elizabeth's reign, which scheduled jugglers and minstrels with strolling thieves, g

AQUATICS.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB REGATTA.—This, the greatest annual yachting event in American waters, took place on Wednesday, June 16; and, though the wind was light throughout the day, and in consequence the larger craft could not sail so fast as they are capable of doing, it can properly be termed a success. In the matter of attendance there is no room to doubt its complete success, for the decks of the steamers William Cook (chartered by the club), Weybosset, Long Branch, Plymouth Rock, Virginia Seymour, N. K. Hopkins, Arrowsmith, Thomas Collyer, Monitor, J. Bitbeck, Brilliant, Magenta, James Watt, T. W. Devoe, Josephine, W. E. Gladwish, W. M. Bach and Cyclops, and the ferry-boats Winona were alive with people, while private parties made merry on board the steam yachts Emily, Skylark, Echo, Julia and Elf, and the various yachts representing other clubs which purposed accompanying the racers as far as this Hook. This attendance was doubtless in no small measure due to the introduction of the novelty of a race between steam yachts, though this feature of the day's sport proved less interesting than had been anticipated, and was marred by the compulsory withdrawal of one of the few contestants, owing to a break-down in the Swash Channel. The prizes were five in number, each of the value of $250—one for first-class schooners, measuring 7,000 cubic feet and over; one for second-class schooners, less than 7,000 feet; one for first-class sloops, 2,000 feet and over; one for second-class sloops, less than 2,000 feet; and one for steam yachts.

The course for the sailing yachts was from the starting-point—an imaginary line between the new club-house at Stapleton, L. I., and the judges' steamer, Wm. Fletcher, to and around buoy No. 10, on the Southwest Spit, keeping it on the port hand; thence to and around the Sandy Hook lightship, keeping it on the starboard hand, and return over the same course, keeping the Southwest Spit buoy No. 10 on the starboard hand. Yachts were obliged to keep to the eastward of buoys Nos. 9, 11 and 18 on the West Bank, to the southward of buoy No. 9 on Southwest Spit, and outside of buoy No. 5½ on the point of Sandy Hook, going and returning, and pass between the judges' boat and the club-house on arriving home. That for the steam yachts was from the starting-point, as above, through the Swash Channel, keeping to the westward of the Stone Beacon on the Dry Romer, to and around the Sandy Hook lightship, keeping it to the starboard hand, and return over the same course, passing within fifty yards of the flagboat, which was anchored at or near the starting-point, and from which the time was taken. The entries in the several classes were as follows, all save the Atalanta appearing in line at the hour appointed for the start, 11 o'clock A. M.:

FIRST-CLASS SCHOONERS.

Name.	Owner.	Cubic Ft.
Alarm	Com. O. L. Kingsland	14,708
Rambler	W. H. Thomas	13,233
Wanderer	J. Stillman	0.42
Palmer	R. Stuyvesant	Not measured.
Tidal Wave	W. Voorhis	Not measured.
Madcap	J. S. Dickerson	9,152
Atalanta	J. Taylor	8,016
Idler	R. J. Colgate	7,947
Comet	E. H. Ingalls	7,945
Mona	H. T. Langley	4,662
Peerless	W. E. Iselin	Not measured.
	J. R. Maxwell	Not measured.

FIRST-CLASS SLOOPS.

Addie Voorhis	C. D. Rosevelt	3,948
Vision	F. Alexander	2,711

SECOND-CLASS SLOOPS.

Active	F. W. J. Hurst	2,545
Madcap	F. R. Busk	1,908
Egeria	S. W. Stargis	1,439
Breeze	H. P. Kingsland	1,481
Kaiser Wilhelm	B. Nonnemacher	Not measured.
Genia	S. & J. S. Homans	Not measured.

STEAMERS.

Ideal	P. G. Havemeyer	200 Tons O. M.
Lookout	Jacob Lorillard	76 Tons O. M.
Lurline	Phillips Phoenix	72 Tons O. M.

The absence of even a suspicion of wind in the early part of the day gave rise to fears of a postponement; but fortunately, as the hour fixed for the start drew nigh, the canvas which had hung listlessly to the masts was partially filled by a light breeze from south'ard, and with the sigh of relief which this welcome change occasioned came the order to get in readiness to trip anchors and away. The signal gun boomed at 11.24:30, followed ten minutes later by the starting-gun, the boats crossing the line in the following order: Egeria, Kaiser Wilhelm, Active, Genia, Alarm, Idler, Vision, Madcap, Wanderer, Madeleine, Breeze, Rambler, Addie Voorhis, Palmer, Tidal Wave, Meta, Peerless. The brand-new cutter Active, which was the favorite among the second-class sloops, proved herself worthy of the good opinion entertained of her, as, rapidly overhauling the duo which had headed her across the line, she assumed the lead in a few minutes, and defied the determined efforts of the Madcap—also a new vessel—which she held until the end of the race, while she led the fleet around the Spit. The fastest sailer next to her was the noted Vision, which early showed a clean pair of flying heels to her only competitor for the first-class sloop prize, the Addie Voorhis, and presently left the Active very hard. Though tardy in getting under way, when once fairly started the Palmer, which has gained renown upon many a watery field, has gained signed her unenviable position at the tail-end of the squadron, and, walking by one after another of her opponents, took third place among schooners as they went through the various buoys, being headed only by the weather-boats Idler and Madeleine, between which couple there was little to choose. Shortly after one o'clock these two were likewise passed by the Palmer, while the Comet, of the second-class schooners, bounded along until she was close upon her heels. In the meantime a very pretty race was going on between the keel schooners Alarm, Wanderer and Rambler, and, as a special prize in addition to the regular one was offered for competition by them, deep interest was manifested in the contest. The Rambler was outsailed by both the others, who led alternately—the Alarm being oftener in advance than her antagonist, however—until, when reaching for the buoy at the Spit, she met the incoming ship Shakespeare, from Bremen, which was running before the wind, while the yacht, being close-hauled, had the right of way. This, however, the Dutchman's pilot held the ship on her course, and, as there wasn't time then for lengthened arguments upon the laws of navigation, the Alarm was compelled to square away and run out of her course to leeward, in order to avoid being crushed; thereby knocking sky-high all her chances of winning the prize, for, though she succeeded in beating the Rambler around the buoy, she fast-sailing Wanderer had gained a lead too great to overcome. This unfortunate tangle of a fine race between the keel-boats was much regretted, and no end of maledictions were uttered upon the head of the stubborn pilot who was to blame therefor. Buoy No. 10 was rounded as follows:

Active	1A.	27m.	35s.	Madeleine	1A. 40m. 45s.
Vision	1	26	52	Peerless	1 49
Madcap	1	30	43	Tidal Wave	1 46
Kaiser Wilhelm	1	32	05	Meta	1 46
Addie Voorhis	1	33	25	Egeria & Breeze	1 51
Palmer	1	38	14	Wanderer	1 53
Genia	1	38	21	Alarm	1 53
Comet	1	39	37	Rambler	1 57
Idler	1	40	10		1 56

In order that the sailing vessels might have time to get well out of the way, the steam-yachts were not sent off until 12.11:10, when they got away about abreast, and in a short time they had passed the canvas-back racers and excursion steamers, little more being seen of them until they were in sight upon their return from the light-ship, and after passing the Hook, the Lurline leading the Ideal about a quarter of a mile, and the Lookout not in sight, her machinery having broken down. Though the Active turned buoy 10 first, by going to leeward of buoy 8½, contrary to sailing regulations, the chance of capturing the prize was lost to her—a most lucky circumstance for the Madcap, by the way. The Palmer, dashing through the waters in gallant style, now took the foremost position of the entire fleet, reaching the tempest-tossed and sanguinary-hued hulk which formed the turning-point of the race far enough ahead to render her victory assured. The feature of the run to the lightship, however, was the sharp struggle between the Vision and Active, whose crews were on their mettle, and worked their craft exceedingly well. Alexandre's pet boat proved too fast for her smaller antagonist, however, and got there first, while all subsequent efforts on the part of the Active to dislodge her were futile. The order and the time of rounding the ship are shown below:

Palmer	2A.	55m.	34s.	Madcap	3A. 05m. 22s.
Active	2	56	07	Idler	3 09 39
Comet	3	00	27	Madeleine	3 12 01
Addie Voorhis	3	02	01	Tidal Wave	3 12 49

The remainder of the fleet were not timed (the judges' boat having to hurry back to the Spit in order to take the time at that point), but turned in the following order: Peerless, Wanderer, Meta, Rambler and Alarm. Save that the Comet jumped from fourth to second place, and the Madeleine, Idler and Tidal Wave were enabled by the freshening breeze and more generous supply of canvas to better their positions, the sail to the Spit was unmarked by aught of interest. The boats that were timed went around thus:

Palmer	3A.	46m.	10s.	Tidal Wave	4A.	02m.	59s.
Comet	3	53	05	Wanderer	4	14	53
Vision	3	51	10	Peerless	4	17	43
Active	3	58	30	Rambler	4	19	55
Madeleine	4	01	30	Meta	4	21	35
Idler	4	02	27	Alarm	4	24	36

With all the canvas they could carry piled upon their sticks, and aided by a strong flood tide, the yachts boomed through the water toward the home stakeboat, the few changes which occurred in their relative positions during the run not affecting the result as foreshadowed at the lightship. The finish was as follows, the table also giving the actual and the corrected time:

FIRST-CLASS SCHOONERS.

Yachts.	Actual Time.			Corrected Time.		
Alarm	5A.	36m.	56s.	6A.	21m.	12s.
Rambler	5	30	33	6	9	35
Wanderer	5	39	38	6	00	23
Palmer	5	26	30	5	51	46
Tidal Wave	5	29	56	5	46	—
Madeleine	5	23	53	5	44	13
Idler	5	25	43	5	47	38

SECOND-CLASS SCHOONERS.

Comet	5	12	14	5	37	56
Meta	5	44	18	5	59	43
Peerless	5	40	06	5	53	33

FIRST-CLASS SLOOPS.

Addie Voorhis	5	32	04	5	49	14
Vision	5	26	43	5	47	47

SECOND-CLASS SLOOPS.

Active	5	32	52	5	56	07
Madcap	5	37	33	5	56	07
Egeria	—	Not timed.		5	58	43
Breeze	—	Not timed.				
Kaiser Wilhelm	5	58	45	6	20	30

STEAMERS.

Ideal	3	03	55	3	52	35
Lookout	Broke down					
Lurline	3	03	45	3	52	35

Winners: first-class schooners, Palmer, the Wanderer taking the Subscription Cup for keels; second-class schooners, Comet; first-class sloops, Vision; second-class sloops, Madcap. Regatta committee—William Krebs, W. B. Bend and B. K. Cooke.

YACHTING ON THE EAST RIVER.—A race came off at Whitestone, L. I., June 15, under the auspices of members of the Queen's County Yacht Club, the course sailed over being from a stakeboat at the dock to a buoy anchored at Little Bayside, to and around the Stepping Stones, return and repeat—about twenty miles. The following craft were entered: Cabin sloops—Kate, 32ft. 6in., owned by W. R. Goodenough; Harry Hill, 32ft. 6in., Harry Hill; Octo Flexara, 32ft., Richard Sands. Open sloops—A. J. Brush, 28ft., John Keegan. Cat-rig—Ella Vail, 18ft. 6in., A. Vail; Fidget, 19ft. 10in., W. Van Wyck. The Fidget was first across the line—the starting-gun being fired at 1.45 P. M.—followed in order by the Octo Flexara, Kate, Brush, Vail, and Hill; but the Brush soon went to the front, where she remained until the finish, coming home a considerable distance ahead, but being beaten by the Hill on time allowance. The time and the order of arrival were as under:

Brush	4A.	46m.	30s.	Kate	5A. 25m. 30s.
Harry Hill	4	57	38	Fidget	5 12 30
Octo Flexara	5	02	00		

The Brush was awarded second and the Fidget third prize. Judges, Commodore O'Neill and Lewis R. Peck.

THE PHILADELPHIA AMATEUR REGATTA.

The Single-scull and Double-scull Races won by the Chicago Scullers, the Pair-oared Race by the Nassaus, and the Four-oared by the Argonautas.

Accomplished exponents of the art of oarsmanship from different cities East and West last week exhibited their prowess before the eyes of admiring thousands on the quiet river which flows through beautiful Fairmount Park, in the City of Brotherly Love and Brickbats. The occasion of this gathering of skilled musclemen on the the water, and youth and beauty on shore, was the occurrence of the second annual open amateur regatta held under the auspices of the Schuylkill Navy, June 16, 17. The satisfactory manner in which the inaugural open regatta of 1874 was carried out to a successful ending did much to help along this season's carnival, and while the presence among the competitors of prominent wielders of the spoons whose absence last year was remarked attested the increased interest taken in the affair by amateur oarsmen who have graduated on other waters, the considerably augmented attendance of spectators showed that the Navy can count upon receiving encouragement and support from the denizens of the Quaker City, and betokened a growing interest in rowing matters among the mass of people there which promises well for the future. It gives us pleasure to be able to say this, for the gentlemen composing the Schuylkill Navy have of late years labored most earnestly for the advancement of the pastime of rowing, cheerfully devoting both time and money to the good work; and their services deserve full recognition and acknowledgment by the devotees of the art and by their fellow-citizens.

FIRST DAY—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16.

Wind and weather suited to a nicety on the opening day, a light, deliciously cool breeze from the northwest not exercising any bad effect on the water, which was in prime order for fast rowing.

SINGLE SCULLS.—FIRST HEAT.

Bronze statue of "The Gladiator" and gold presentation medals; one and a half miles, straightaway.

David Rose	Waverley Club, New York				1
Ely Haarlacher, Seawanhaka Club, Greenpoint, L. I.					0
James McCartney of the Friendship Club, this city, was likewise entered, but did not start. But little interest attached to this spin, so evident was the great superiority of the little feather-weight edition of Waverley, who took the lead at once, and won with consummate ease, in 10:58¾, Haarlacher's time being 11:29½. Not a very good beginning for the Greenpointers.					

SINGLE SCULLS—SECOND HEAT.

Frank E. Yates, Chicago Scullers					1
F. Pleasanton, Quaker City Club					0

This heat also had but one absentee, in the person of William R. Curtis of the Chicago Scullers, who, having no desire to contend against his chum Yates, withdrew when he found that he had been drawn in the same heat. If the former contest had been one-sided, this was infinitely more so, the Western sculler pulling an easy stroke all the way, and yet keeping well in front from the time the signal was given until the flag fell at the finish. Time, Yates, 11:45¼; Pleasanton, 11:51.

DOUBLE SCULLS.

Silver ice bowl and two presentation medals; one-and-a-half miles, straightaway.

Chicago Scullers—F. E. Yates (bow), W. B. Curtis (stroke)					1
Vesper Club, Phila.—James B Mingus (bow), Harry McMillan (stroke)					0
Nassau Club, N. Y.—Frank G. Brown (bow), John A. Walker (stroke)					0

This contest most favorably contrasted with the two preceding; for while they were utterly devoid of exciting features, the spirited manner in which this event was rowed, and the close, determined character of the struggle, fully aroused the feelings of the onlookers, and led to the investment of a little of the "filthy." It had been thought that the result lay between the Chicagoans and the Nassaus, with the former for first choice; but the sequel proved the erroneousness of the idea, for, though the New Yorkers jumped away with the advantage, they overdid the thing at the start, speedily knocking the pins from under their chances by high-pressure work, and then falling to the rear, and virtually out of the race. A grand struggle was witnessed between the other crews all the way to Rockland—the finish of the course—neither possessing any noticeable advantage the greater part of the distance, and when they crossed the line those immediately opposite couldn't tell which was ahead. The decision, however, was in favor of Curtis and Yates. Time, 9:34¾.

FOUR-OARED SHELLS.—FIRST HEAT.

Silver punch-bowl and four gold presentation medals; one-and-a-half miles, straightaway.

Quaker City Club—S. Stinson (bow), C. R. Adams, Frank Henderson, J. D. McBeath (stroke)					0
Undine Club—A. S. Roberts Jr. (bow), P. M. Hesser, J. N. De Haven, John R. Baker Jr. (stroke)					1
Colleton Club—Eugene Townsend (bow), J. R. Fell, S. Morrison, W. H. Addicks (stroke)					0

These are all Philadelphia crews; and the Quakers being the four who were selected to row the picked crew of the Patapsco Navy, and on that occasion achieved an easy victory, they were looked upon as certain winners. They went off well together, but during the first half mile the stroke-seat in the College boat gave way, throwing that crew out of the race. The Undines, though much in earnest, stuck close to the favorites, and at one time seemed to have a good chance to win; but, with all their exertions and commendable rowing, they couldn't get the nose of their shell within less than half a length of the stern of the opposing craft, which crossed the line with that advantage. Time of winners, 10:10½; losers, 10:15¾. Had not the Quakers been bothered by the head wind which had now sprung up, while the Undines were sheltered by the bank, they would have won with less exertion and in better time. The time of their two-mile turning race at Baltimore was 10:53¾, and they won easily. The mishap to the College boys was regretted, but it had no bearing on the result of the contest.

FOUR-OARED SHELLS—SECOND HEAT.

Argonauta Rowing Association, Bergen Point, N. J.—Edward Smith (bow), J. F. Ward, Benj. Stephenson, Fred C. Bidell (stroke)					1
Waverly Club, New York—Robert L. Lelman (bow), W. C. Coster, H. M. Howell, W. K. Williamson (stroke)					0
Seawanhaka Club, Greenpoint, L. I.—H. Johnson (bow), J. Flickinger, J. W. Maxwell, W. H. Orr (stroke)					0

Quick starters as the Argonautas are known to be, they gained but a few feet on the wide-awake Waverlys, and this trifling lead was held but a few moments, the clean, powerful stroke of Commodore Brady's pets placing them level, and when a half mile had been pulled carrying them to the fore, where, however, they were not long permitted to remain. The Greenpointers had now fallen back, and plainly had no earthly chance with their competitors, who plowed along nearly abreast the entire distance, a muscle-straining spurt as the goal was neared sending the bow of the Jerseymen's boat across the line one second before the Gothamites. The Seawanhakas rowed a game stern race all the way, and were about ten lengths behind at the close. Time, 9:35¼. The winners pulled the same course last year in 9:01½.

SECOND DAY—THURSDAY, JUNE 17.

More people were present on the second day, but the roughness of the water, consequent upon the prevalence of a strong southwest wind, occasioned a tiresome delay, and cut out more work for the oarsmen. At five o'clock, when the high wind had somewhat abated, the boats were called into line for the first race, which was for

SINGLE SCULLS—FINAL HEAT.

Frank E. Yates					1
David Rooch					0

Getting away on even terms, neither of the contestants obtained any perceptible advantage until they came within range of a stiff wind, which caught them on the quarter, half a mile or so from the start, making it tough work to keep the shells in their proper course. The little 115-pound New Yorker felt the effects more than did his bigger and more powerful antagonist, who began to draw ahead, and kept edging forward until a stretch of clear water was visible between the shells, and the race two-thirds rowed. Here, however, a stretch of smooth water brought the little 'un out of difficulties, and with a better heart he set about making up for past misfortunes; and so lively and well did he hit her up, that, within a quarter of a mile of the winning-post, he laid his boat level, and there was again nip and tuck until but a few boat-lengths separated them from the line, when excess of power told its tale, and the Western sculler won by half a second only. Time, 12:02¼. Both men were loudly cheered, but Roach came in for the bulk of praise bestowed, and richly did he deserve it, after making so gallant a fight against such big odds, and coming so nigh landing himself a winner over the champion of the National Association.

PAIR-OARED SHELLS.

Silver ice-pitcher and two gold presentation medals; one mile and a half, straightaway.

Nassau Club—Frank G. Brown (bow), John A. Walker (stroke)					1
Argonauta R. A.—Walter Wan (bow), W. J. Taylor (stroke)					0
Waverly Club—H. M. Howell (bow), W. K. Williamson (stroke)					0

Just after starting, the bowman of the Argonautas slipped his seat—an accident which squelched their hopes—and when one-third of the distance had been pulled, the Nassaus in the lead, closely pressed by the Waverlys, the stroke of the latter broke his slide. They tried to go ahead again, but after pulling a few strokes found it was no use, and retired from the contest, bewailing the ill-fortune which probably lost them the race, and certainly prevented a test of relative power between them and the Nassau pair, which those looking on were anxious to see. After righting things the unlucky but plucky Jerseymen continued on over the course, coming in fairly and squarely, and, as there wasn't time for lengthened arguments upon the laws of navigation, the Alarm was compelled to square away and run out of her course to leeward, in order to avoid being crushed; thereby knocking sky-high all her chances of winning the prize, for, though she succeeded in beating the Rambler around the buoy, she fast-sailing Wanderer had gained a lead too great to overcome. This unfortunate tangle of a fine race between the keel-boats was much regretted, and no end of maledictions were uttered upon the head of the stubborn pilot who was to blame therefor. Buoy No. 10 was rounded as follows:

ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB.—This Brooklyn organization will hold their annual regatta this (Tuesday) afternoon, June 22; the start to be made at eleven o'clock A. M. There will be three classes as follows: First-class, all schooners; second—first-class sloops; third—all cabin sloops of 40 feet and over on the water line. Courses as follows: For schooners and first-class sloops, from the anchorage at Bay Ridge, down through the Narrows, to and around the state-boat off Southwest Spit (on buoy 8½), thence to and around the lightship, rounding the same by seaward and southward, thence home, going to southward and westward of beacon on Romer Shoal. For second-class sloops, the same course, to and around state-boat at Southwest Spit (on buoy 8½), thence to and around a stake-boat near a buoy in Gedney Channel, rounding the same from the southward, thence home, passing to the westward of beacon on Romer Shoal. The judges will be Wm. H. Douglass, Henry A. Gouge and John B. Morgan.

A USEFUL BOOK.—The second annual issue of Arthur Granville's guide-book for yachtsmen and ocean travelers is now before the public. In addition to the chrome-lithographic fac-similes of transatlantic and coastwise steamship funnel marks, house-flags and night-signals, and of the club-flags and private signals of American yachts, there is this year added a chart showing the ocean lanes of ocean steamships across the Atlantic, with the distances of the several courses, and the lines of telegraph cables. It also contains other information useful and interesting alike to land-lubbers and to those who go down to the sea in ships and yachts. Copies can be obtained of Pelletreau & Taylor, publishers, 35 and 37 Vesey street, this city; price, 50 cents.

W. DRUMMOND of Burrow-in-Furness, and R. Addy of Manchester, sculled one mile, straight, in best-and-best boats, for £25 a side, on the Irwell, May 29. Addy led at first, but his opponent rowed him down, and won at his ease, Addy not completing the course. The men are each nineteen years old, and about 5ft. 7in. in height, Drummond being of Irish extraction, while Addy is a son of R. Addy, a member of the once celebrated Colleen Bawn crew, and nephew to Mark Addy of sculling renown. R. Sutcliffe, C. J. Wild and W. Sharrocks, umpire, judge and starter.

A SCULLERS' RACE, distance two miles, for a medal, emblematic of the championship of the Ohio River, came off at Cincinnati, O., June 10, the contestants being Winterbern and Sweeney, oarsmen of local renown. As the start was made, the latter's sliding seat became misplaced, and before he could get it right his antagonist was about one hundred yards ahead; but, nothing daunted, Sweeney set about his task with vigor, and, gaining at every stroke, cut his opponent down within two hundred yards of the goal, and won by several lengths, Winterbern giving out.

THE BOSTON (MASS.) BOAT CLUB held a meeting June 14, at which charges were preferred against James Bent, for making false statements against a fellow-member (Mr. Mahoney), and, the charges being sustained, Mr. Bent was expelled. George Faulkner was chosen president, and Richard McManus treasurer of the club.

BASEBALL.

ATHLETIC vs. ATLANTIC.

The now very strong nine of the Athletic Club put in an appearance on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, on June 16, to play their fifth game with the Atlantics; and though the former was the favorites and spectators alike—it being a mild, lovely June day, not too warm—only a hundred and odd spectators witnessed the match within the inclosure, and even the outside fence-peeping crowd did not congregate in force, the Atlantics no longer drawing to their matches, so poorly do they play as a general thing. The record of their five games with the Athletics is as follows:

May 11, Athletic vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn		
May 15, Athletic vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	5	10
June 9, Athletic vs. Atlantic, at Philadelphia	10	2
June 10, Athletic vs. Atlantic, at Philadelphia	23	0
June 16, Athletic vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	15	6
Totals	53	18

Out of eighteen games they have played, the Atlantics have won but two, and those were with the New Haven nine, by scores of 3 to 2 and 14 to 4. The Atlantics have had in their team of 1875, thus far, Knowdell and Fleet as catchers, Cassidy and Clinton as pitchers, Crane and Adadie as first-base players, Hoey at stop, and Pabor, Clack and Patterson in the outfield. The majority of the above are good players, and some of them have played their positions well; but there is one prominent drawback to their success as a nine; and that is, they are practically ignorant of the essential art of *playing for the side*. Each man plays for himself. There is no real head to the team, no generalship or efficient field management, and as long as this is the case, success will necessarily be out of reach. They lack skill in running the bases, they show no judgment in handling the ash, and, though capable of sharp fielding, they too frequently are guilty of plays or errors which are avoidable. It is the want of great drawback to success in a co-operative nine, that those who "run the machine" lack the power to control it to that extent necessary to inspire its most efficient working. This was the case with the really strong team of the Centennial Club; it is the weakness of all the co-operative nines now in the arena; and it is so inherent in the co-operative system that there is no obviating it, apparently, except by transforming the club into a co-operative to a regular stock-company organization. This is what should be done with the Atlantics. They have a name which is capital in itself to a certain extent, and with good stock-company management and a strong local nine—that is, a nine composed of picked Brooklyn players—the Atlantic nine could be run with profit.

In the game of the 16th, the Atlantics scarcely gave their opponents ordinary practice. After good play in every inning, every other inning would be marked by glaring errors. First would come a base-thief, then would come a by an ill-judged and hasty throw, then a muff of the ball, then would sequel of a bad muff of the next ball; then would come hasty throwing, passed balls and failures to get Boys would be exhibited. It was mere play for the Athletics to win under such circumstances. These truths will interest but be palatable to the Atlantics, but it is well for them that they should be told. It is no use dropping this player or getting in that, while the weakness of the team is still allowed to be in the lack of proper generalship on the field. Until the nine has a head, and they resolve to play less for their own as individual selves and more for the side, it will be useless to put in new players. They have dropped two good men in leaving out Clinton and Clack, and the accessions have not compensated for the change.

ATLANTIC.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Kessler, s s	0	2	1	3	2
Nichols, 3d b	4	0	1	0	2
Boyd, 2d b	4	0	2	6	1
Pabor, l f	3	1	2	0	0
Cassidy, p	3	1	1	2	4
Knowdell, c f	3	0	0	1	1
Fleet, c	2	0	0	11	3
Patters'n, r f	3	0	1	1	0
Crane, 1st b	3	0	0	15	1
Totals	31	4	8	39	14

ATHLETIC.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Atlantic	0	0	0	1	0
Athletic	0	2	1	0	2

First base by errors—Atlantic, 1; Athletic, 6. Runs earned—Atlantic, 1; Athletic, 3. Umpire, Mr. Blodgett of the Arlington Club. Time of game, 1h. 40m.

NATIONAL vs. WASHINGTON.

There was a surprise party at the Capitol on Monday, June 14, a large crowd attending, and they were amply paid for a finer exhibition of the beauties of the game is seldom seen. The Nationals rattled the Washingtons by a score of 7 to 1. The scores of the previous games between these clubs are 7 to 6 in favor of the Nationals, and 10 to 6 in favor of the Washingtons. The game commenced with the Washingtons at the bat, and Joe Gerhardt of the N. Y. Mutuals umpire. Both sides were blanked in the first inning, Brady, however, getting his base on Kipp's only error. In the second inning the Washingtons scored an unearned run through errors of Joy, assisted by hits of Abadie and McCloskey. The Nationals scored three runs in this inning; a long hit for two bases by Joy, a base-hit by Witherow, and errors by Abadie and Doescher allowing them to score. They added two more to their score in the third inning through errors of Daley and a base-hit by Hough. The Washingtons made one in the fifth and two in the ninth, through errors of Trott and Lawrie; Doescher, Abadie and McCloskey making base-hits. The Nationals scored two runs in the sixth inning, Trott getting first on Parks' error, and Blue getting in on a passed ball. Doescher fouled out, Kipp's and Hough's base-play, and Joy's base-hit, and Brady in the field; for the Washingtons, batting very fine, McCloskey leading at the bat, and Brady in the field; for the Washingtons. Daley also played his position well, making, however, one damaging error.

NATIONAL.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Brady, 2d b	6	0	1	4	1	2
Mason, l f	6	0	0	1	0	0
Allison, c f	6	0	1	1	0	0
Hough, 1st b	4	1	1	10	1	1
Trott, c	4	3	0	6	0	3
Stearns, r f	4	2	1	2	1	0
Blue, s s	4	2	1	1	3	0
Joy, s s	4	2	1	2	4	2
Chamberlain, c	4	0	0	1	0	1
Witherow, p	4	0	1	1	0	1
Totals	38	7	7	27	11	10

WASHINGTON.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Lawrie, 3d b	6	0	1	4	1	2
Kipp, 3d b	5	0	0	0	1	0
Hough, 1st b	4	1	1	10	1	1
Trott, c	4	3	0	6	0	3
Stearns, r f	4	2	1	2	1	0
Blue, r f	4	2	1	1	3	0
Joy, s s	4	2	1	2	4	2
Abadie, l f	4	0	0	2	0	2
Doescher, 3d b	5	0	1	1	1	4
McCloskey, c	5	0	3	4	1	4
Totals	38	4	9	27	10	11

National	0	3	0	0	2	0	0	2	0—7
Washington	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	1—4

Total bases—National, 11; Washington, 9. Earned runs, none. First base on errors—National, 7; Washington, 6. Umpire, Joe Gerhardt, Mutuals of New York. Time, 1h. 45m.

The Nationals have lost two out of eleven games, viz., National vs. Excelsior of Baltimore, in Baltimore, 10 to 12; National vs. Washington, 6 to 10. Of the nine games won, two are from the Washington. Runs made, eleven games—Nationals, 173; Opponents, 87. Base-hits—National, 131; Opponents, 56. Our correspondent adds: "The National is one of the few real amateur nines of the country. Unlike the T. B. F. U. S., Live Oak, Lowell, Beacon, Louisville, Eagle and Olympic, Reading, Actives, etc., the National has not had, either this year or last, a paid player on the nine. We have lost our fine little pitcher Witherow, who has been engaged by the Washingtons, they having shipped Stearns. We will be engaged by the Washingtons, they having shipped Stearns. We will be steered. Holly has resigned from the Washington, and will play with us as last year. Unless the Washington's Western trip is a success they will probably go to the wall. We will then have a nine (strictly amateur) that would give any of the "pros" plenty of hard work: Trott (a second Snyder), catcher; Witherow (another Matthews), pitcher; A. Allison, 1st b. (he is employed here); Lawrie, 2d b.; Blue, 3d b.; Joy, s. s.; Stevens, l. f.; Holly, c. f.; Stearns, r. f. and c. f."

YALE UNIVERSITY vs. T. B. F. U. S.

The second game between these well-known Connecticut clubs took place at New Haven, June 16. The contest was exciting from first to last, and, unlike the former game, resulted in a victory for the Collegians. Up to the sixth inning the T. B.'s "waded through" considerable whitewash, but in the last three innings they managed to add five runs to their score, making things a trifle more even. Nichols, Snigg and Rourke did best for the Yale T. B.'s, and Morgan, Smith and Wheaton for the Yales.

YALE.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Smith, l f	3	2	1	1	0
Morgan, 2d b	3	2	3	1	1
Knight, c f	2	1	2	0	0
Avery, p	0	1	1	0	0
Jones, 1st b	1	1	1	9	1
Carter, r f	1	1	1	0	0
Sigelow, 3d b	0	0	2	1	0
Maxwell, c	1	2	10	1	0
Wheaton, s s	1	1	1	3	1
Totals	9	9	27	17	3

T. B. F. U. S.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Rourke, c f	1	1	2	0	0
Nichols, r f	1	1	2	0	0
Thompson, c	0	1	5	9	0
Thomas, p	0	1	1	0	1
Larkin, 1st b	0	1	9	0	0
Ward, 3d b	0	0	0	2	0
Hackett, 2d b	0	1	1	1	0
Snigg, l s b	0	1	1	1	0
Darrigan, s s	0	1	2	1	1
Totals	2	7	27	14	2

Yale	1	1	1	0	2	0	2	1	0—8
T. B. F. U. S.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—2

Runs earned—T. B. F. U. S., 1; Yale, 1. Left on base—T. B. F. U. S., 7; Yale, 4. Umpire, J. C. Parsons. Time, 1h. 30m.

ATLANTIC vs. OLYMPIC.

Remarkably fine playing was done by the professional Atlantics of Brooklyn, L. I., and the amateur Olympics of Paterson,

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the time of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that by a recent change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, June 21.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen, Minnie
Arnold, Ella (2)
Atkins, Georgie
Armond, Arzena
Arnold, Louise
Albyne, Klitte
Burton, Maud (vocalist)
Brown, Mrs. Kate
Barry, Virginia F.
Booth, Alice
Burns, Catharine (of Mr. Crookfoot)
Beauchamp, Mrs. Emma (2)
Bell, Teresa
Coombs, Jane Sc.
Clancy, Ellen
Carroll, Mrs. M. B.
Cerito, Mlle.
Chapman, Mrs. Julia
Clifton, Emma (burlesq. "biz")
Chandos, Roy
Cowell, Sydney
Carroll, Sarah E.
Devlin, Miss S. (of Denin Comb.)
Demar, Mollie
Deardon, Fannie
DeForrest, Zoe
Delorme, Annie
Daniels, Kellie
De Wells, Annie
Drummer, Louie
Darling, Bessie
De Vere, Hendrie
D'Attalic, Mad.
Dacy, Ann
Everett, Corn
Edgarton, Lillian S.
Egberts, Nannie
Edwards, Nellie
Forester, Mrs. (of "Un. T. Cab." Co.)
Florence, Mrs. Geo. A.
Fox, Mrs. Annie
Fisher, Jennie
Francis, Lillie (vel-ocipedist)
Francis, Lillie (Grattan, Mrs. H. P. Grau, Maggie (late of Welch's Detroit)
Guy, Mamie
Gardner, Carrie
Gordon, Mina (of McGill's Co.)
Gerry, Emma M.
Greenwood, Grace
Hastings, Alice
Hackett, Mrs. J. H.
Hayes, Nellie
Hastings, Alice (actress)
Howe, Mary (of Howe's Cir.)
Herbert, Carrie (vocalist)
Hawthorne, Hattie
Hernandez, Mrs. Ida
Herschell, Grace (2)
Herring, Fannie
Hunter, Virginia
Irma, Mlle.
Ilerd, Belle
Jerome, Leana
Kent, Louise
Kellogg, Antoinette
Kellogg, Clara Louise
Kellogg, Alice
La Font, Mlle.
Lucille, Fannie
La Verde, Bella (2)
Leslie, Jennie
La Mont, Ada
Lillian, Lena
Lenton, Mrs. Herbert
Lavarnie, Carrie
McWilliams, Mrs. Mary
McAllister, Phoss
Mack, Lillie
Morani, Fannie
Martin, Hattie
Merritt, Mrs. Martha
Mallon, Mrs. Katie
Markham, Pauline
Nathans, Mrs. Philo
Nelson, Nellie
Putnam, Katie
Pierts, Nully
Pauline, La Belle
Phillips' Co., Adelaide
Phillips, Emma
Putnam, Katie
Rand, Olivia
Rosetta, Mlle.
Richmond, Ada
Robinson, Julia
Richmond Sisters
Ramage, Elizabeth
St. Felix, Charlotte
Silvers, Minnie
Somers, Alice
Stevens, Mrs. Jno. A.
Saunders, Julia
Turner, Jennie
Travers, Millie
Turnour, Mrs. Hepsay
Venus & Adonis
Wilson, Julia
Whitland, Kittie
Watson, Mrs. Louise
Wilson, Carrie (of De Leon's Min. (3)
Willis, May
Walters, Annie
Western, Lucille
Waiby, Gussie
Watson, Rose (of Baltimore)
Woods, Carrie
Washburn, Mrs. Kate

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Ashton, J. L.
Aiken, Frank E.
Allison, C.
Arbuckle, M. (of Gilmore's Co.)
Adams, Edwin (actor)
Atkins, Fred. 3c.
Allewell, W. (late of Young, Georgie Armond, Arzena Arnold, Louise Albyne, Klitte Burton, Maud (vocalist) Brown, Mrs. Kate Barry, Virginia F. Booth, Alice Burns, Catharine (of Mr. Crookfoot) Beauchamp, Mrs. Emma (2) Bell, Teresa Coombs, Jane 3c. Clancy, Ellen Carroll, Mrs. M. B. Cerito, Mlle. Chapman, Mrs. Julia Clifton, Emma (burlesq. "biz") Chandos, Roy Cowell, Sydney Carroll, Sarah E. Devlin, Miss S. (of Denin Comb.) Demar, Mollie Deardon, Fannie DeForrest, Zoe Delorme, Annie Daniels, Kellie De Wells, Annie Drummer, Louie Darling, Bessie De Vere, Hendrie D'Attalic, Mad. Dacy, Ann Everett, Corn Edgarton, Lillian S. Egberts, Nannie Edwards, Nellie Forester, Mrs. (of "Un. T. Cab." Co.) Florence, Mrs. Geo. A. Fox, Mrs. Annie Aikes, Frank E. Allison, C. Arbuckle, M. (of Gilmore's Co.) Adams, Edwin (actor) Atkins, Fred. 3c. Allewell, W. (late of Trey & Allen's Alabama Minstrels, Agent Armstrong, H. (of Beaty's Rifle Wm. A. Aymar, W. (circus prop.) Armstrong, Chas. T. Arnold, J. A. (manager) Ainsworth, Frank Ashton, J. L. Aiken, Frank E. Allison, C. Arbuckle, M. (of Gilmore's Co.) Adams, Edwin (actor) Atkins, Fred. 3c. Allewell, W. (late of Trey & Allen's Alabama Minstrels, Agent Armstrong, H. (of Beaty's Rifle Wm. A. Aymar, W. (circus prop.) Armstrong, Chas. T. Arnold, J. A. (manager) Ainsworth, Frank Andrus, Prof. Ashley, Frank L. Ashton, Wm. Austin, Chas. (of Fish Family) (2) Adams, Chas. (Dutch "biz") Adams, Edwin Arnold Bros. Ala. Andrus, Prof. Ashley, Frank L. Ashton, Wm. Austin, Chas. (of Fish Family) (2) Adams, Chas. (Dutch "biz") Adams, Edwin Arnold Bros. Ala. Andrus, Prof. Ashley, Frank L. Ashton, Wm. Bliss, Francois R. Bowron, W. L. Barry, F. (of J. A. Stevens' Co.) Birdue, R. (of Cotton & Birdue) Byrnes, Wm. Bushnell, Prof. Dan. Baldwin, E. (gymnast) Bates, H. (of Hoyt's Cir.) Baker, P. F. (2) Barsby, W. H. 3c. Blew, Jno. A. Bain, J. W. Blascow, D. H. Bidwell, J. Bernardo, Bernie (2) Buckholt, R. Birdue, Robt. Blaisdell, Wm. B. Buckley, Murdock Blanc, E. F. Burbank, Unto Beverly, C. Stuart (4) Bettey, A. (of Am. Racing Assn.) Brown, Jno. (com.) Barr, Geo. (of Hern-don's Co.) Billson, C. (of Ma-hon's Co.) Bunty, M. (with Barnum's Show) Bennett, W. (with Hamilton Show) Butler, Edward S. Bic. Bintaur, Stephen W. Brault, Louis Burgess, J. (Sup.) Blaich, Chas. F. Barry, T. (of Murray's Cir.) 3c. Burton, Olar (song-and-dance) Bruno, Mr. John & Bru.) 12c. Brown, E. B. Bothner, Gustave Brunaur, Emile Beehm, S. (of Strakosch Co.) Boyd, G. (late with Wagner) 15c. Baeting, C. (of T. Thomas' Co.) 6c. Blake, Harry (leading "biz") Brown, Ben (manager) Barry, F. (equestrian) Bradley, Jas. Buckley, G. H. (swaine Crux, Chas. A. Collins, Jno. J. Collins, Jas. Connelly, Mills Clark, Jos. Percy Cowles, M. S. Crill, M. J. Cooper, C. T. Case, Thos. Ilc. Coleman, T. E. Cyrannio, Giuliano Collins, W. (of Collins & Oakes) Connors, Wm. (circus "biz") Carter, Wm. (banjoist) Crispini, V. (with Dup. & Bened.) Cushing, G. L. (musician) Cottrell, J. (of Murray's Cir.) Casey, H. (with G. Richards) 4th Catlett, L. (song-and-dance) Clark, — (Uncle Tom Cab." Co.) Clifford, Harry ("Pomp") Clark, H. (of G. Europ. Cir.) Cooke, Hubert Commerford, Chas. Chiriski, Martini Cash, Chas. Dickeson, W. F. Douglas, Jas. Davey, T. (of L. Barrett Co.) Davis, Ed. (of Davis & Chase) De Mott, J. (circus manager) Dacy, Dan A. (musician) Dunkenfield, W. E. Donough, Hugh

THE COMIQUE SUMMER THEATRE, Washington, D. C., did a largely increased business during the past week. The new appearances on June 14 were Sam Devere in the protean drama of "Just in Time," Mme. Blanche and troupe in statuary groupings, and Miss Alice Gleason in serio-comic songs. Mme. Blanche and troupe closed 19, going to the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore. The announcements for June 21 are Milton Nobles and the Stewart Sisters. .....At the Avenue Theatre business continues steady. The new arrivals during the week were Clara May and E. F. Barnes. "The Forty Thieves" is underlined. The departures on 19 were J. A. Kelly, to Baltimore, and Frank Cushman, no engagement. Coming June 21: Wm. Heey and Dick Smith. Mme. Albertazzi, who was billed to appear at this house during the past week, was compelled to cancel the engagement, having been summoned unexpectedly to join Mrs. Oates' Operatic Company, to which she was under contract. Letter of June 20.

MADAME BLANCHE and a corps of twenty young ladies, with Harris & Carroll's Specialty Troupe, open at the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., June 21, for one week....At the Odeon the only new people on June 14 were the Irwin Sisters, two comely serio-comic singers, who were received with much favor. The departures on 19 were Annie Rattelle and Tommy Dayton, to Washington, D. C.; Geor.ia Brown opens 21, and Ella Mayo and Lizzie Johnson 28. Business good. Letter June 19.

MANAGERS HART & KALLACKEY of the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., are meeting with success. Billy Noonan and Alice Bateman were the arrivals on June 17, this being Mr. Noonan's first engagement since recovering from his late indisposition. Their act of the sword-combat statue-clog is the finest thing in that line we have ever seen. The Crimmins Brothers' triple gymnastic songs-and-dances are very clever. The Brandt Sisters continue to be favorites. They close 19, going to Trimble's, Pittsburg. Miss Kate Harvey goes to Indianapolis, Connors and Kelley to Troy, N. Y., and the Crimmins Brothers to Detroit, Mich. On the 21st the Lenton Family, the Starr Sisters, Eddie Collyer and Frank Bell are to appear. Advices of June 18.

VARIETY ITEMS are as follows from St. Louis, Mo., through our correspondent, writing on June 18: "Business at the Theatre Comique has been fair. Miss Angie Schott opened on June 14 in 'Masks and Faces,' in which she is good. Later in the evening she appeared in 'Le Salon du Diable,' assisted by William and Amos Arnold, Ed. Murray and Nellie Woods. Her illusive changes were neat and speedy. Patti Rosa and Bob Scott appeared in change songs-and-dances, among which their Dutch representations were the best. Their specialties all took well. Griffin and Rice were also among the new arrivals. Their song-and-dance business is clever. Closing 19, the Henri Family, who remain in this city for several weeks. To arrive 20, the Jackley Family and Ben Dodge.....Affairs at Doyle's remain about as last week, with the exception of larger audiences. No rivals or departures. The main features of the bill have been some tableaux vivants produced by members of the ballet, under the direction of Mons. Blandowski. Harry Ellis, Lew Parker, Geo. Melville and Jennie Satchell acted out the little farce of 'A Cup of Tea,' and did well. The Cancan is still kept up.....Esher's business remains good. Dan Hart was the only departure.....D. L. Morris passed through this city June 14 to his home in Cape Girardeau, where he will remain during the Summer. J. Clark Wells has retired from the stage and goes into business in this city."

THE HOT WEATHER caused business to drop off some at the Adelphi, Grand Rapids, Mich. Johnny Reece, comedian and dancer, and Miss Lizzie Sheldon, dancer, opened June 17. The Collins Bros. are engaged for another week. Geo. G. Gray, formerly of the May Fisk party, opened June 17 in "Black-eyed Susan." E. Hillier closed 16, going to Toledo. The Leslie Family closed same date. The Harrison Sisters, Kitty Rowell, Gus Peters and Mlle. Annetta, the Hand to Hand De Lisle were booked for 21.

THE TREATRE COMIQUE COMBINATION performed at Stamford, Ct., June 14, Danbury 15, Norwalk 16, Bridgeport 17.

BERRY'S THIRD-AVENUE THEATRE, New York City, will be completed about July 19, and he states in a card elsewhere that as a good dramatic or other combination can make arrangements for opening this house, or have later dates, by applying to him as per published address.

HEBB A. SCHULZE advertises that the Transatlantic Novelty Company, including Prof. and Baby Bindley, Katie King, and Prof. Giovani, can be engaged on sharing terms or otherwise.

THE PRINCIPAL FEATURES at the Metropolitan, Newark, N. J., the past week were Mme. Cerito, transformation dancer, and Sig. Merando. The former in her changes excels in rapidity anything in that line of business ever seen there. The slack-rope performance of Sig. Merando is wonderful. The rest of the company is fair. Departures 19: Carrie Woods, Winona Bridges, and Sig Merando. To commence 21: James Messenger, James Mass, Gussie Crayton, and Minnie Hall.

DAMOREON BROTHERS, double clog and song-and-dance artists, will be at liberty to accept engagements July 1. They can be addressed care of this office.

FIRST-CLASS VARIETY TALENT is wanted at the Bon-ton Opera-house, N. Y. See card.

FRED MCAVOY assumed the management of the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I., on June 12, and will probably hold the reins till the Summer season closes. The new people 14 were the St. Felix Ballet Troupe and Mr. Sid. Smith, formerly comedian at the Opera-house. The former are favorites in the city, and were heartily received, while Sid. Smith made a hit. He and Barney McNulty appeared together in "B. B.," and kept the house in a roar. One of the principal attractions now at this theatre is an automaton tight-rope performer. It was invented by a Mr. Kerr of this city, and its mimic performances are quite wonderful. C. MacMillan, formerly stage-manager, took a good benefit 17. No departures this week. Joe Lang opens 21. Business fair. Letter of June 20.

WM. J. GILMORE, proprietor of Gilmore's Varieties, Philadelphia, Pa., and Miss Sophie Wilbra Ellison, professionally known as Miss Fannie May, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony on May 8, at the pastoral residence of the Rev. J. H. Peters, 431 Christian street.

THE ADELPHI THEATRE, Toledo, O., will be opened on July 19, and first-class artists are advertised for.

CHAS. A. GARDNER, Dutch comedian, will have a complimentary benefit at the Assembly Building, Philadelphia, on June 25.

FEMALE TALENT is wanted at the Grand Central Theatre, Williamsburg, N. Y. See Managers Theall & Carton's card.

GILMORE'S SUMMER GARDEN, Philadelphia, is open with a variety entertainment, which at low rates of admission is becoming popular

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS performed at Indianapolis, Ind., June 14, 15, Terre Haute 16, Evansville 17, Louisville, Ky., 18, 19. Route: New Albany, Ind., 21, Lafayette 22, Kankakee 23, Milwaukee, Wis., 24, one week in St. Louis, Mo., beginning 28, a like period of time at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., commencing July 5. Billy Courtright recently joined the company, and D. L. Morris has retired for the Summer. Mr. Haverly has engaged the Cawthorne Children—Herbert and Joe—to perform with his minstrels for one year from Aug. 8 next.

HARRY ROBINSON'S MINSTRELS are booked to appear in Wabash, Ind., June 21, Logansport 22, Kokomo 23, Muncie 24, Richmond 25, Hamilton, O., 26, Xenia, 28.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS closed a successful three weeks' engagement in Beethoven Hall, Boston, Mass., on June 14.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS begin a season of one week at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, on the 21st inst.

SIMMONS & SLOCUM'S and Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels have closed their traveling season, and returned to Philadelphia, where they will recuperate for the Fall campaign.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS performed during the week ending June 19 at Ford's Grand Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., and met with good business. They are to commence a brief season at the Pittsburg (Pa.) Opera-house June 21

KATE LOGAN'S NEW YORK SERENADERS, under the management of James Heywood, are to show at Keene, N. H., June 21; Bellows Falls 23, Claremont 24. This company travels with an eight-horse band chariot.

THE MARINE MINSTRELS performed in their floating theatre at Uniontown, Ky., June 14, Raleigh 15, Shawneetown, Ill., 16, 17.

SAM PACE'S MINSTRELS closed their season at Niles, Mich., June 12.

NEIL BURGESS' MINSTRELS closed their season at Brockville, Ont., June 19, and intend reorganizing Aug. 23. Vernon Sydney and W. S. Dunbar of this company join the Holman English-opera Company next season.

CIRCUSES.

CLAUDE DE HAVEN inserts a card in another department thanking managers for offers of engagements, and states that he is still with Howes & Cushing's show.

BARTHOLOMEW'S TRAINED ANIMALS have been performing to increased audiences during the past week in St. Louis, Mo.

BARNUM'S WORLD'S FAIR exhibited at Akron, O., June 16, on which occasion P. T. Barnum was present with his wife. During the afternoon performance he appeared in the ring and delivered a speech, in which he declared himself sole proprietor of the show. Later in the day he delivered a lecture to the students of Buchtel College. Business good. Route: Medina, O., 21, Wellington 22, New London 23, Plymouth 24, Bucyrus 25, Upper Sandusky 26, Tiffin 28, Findlay 29, and Ottoya 30.

MONTGOMERY QUEEN'S CIRCUS is to show at Denver, Col., June 29, 30, July 1.

P. T. BARNUM'S N. Y. HIPPODROME is to show at Detroit, Mich., June 28, 29, Toledo, O., 30, Fort Wayne July 7, Logansport 8, Lafayette, 9, Danville, Ill., 10, Chicago 12, to remain one week.

CLAUDE DE HAVEN writes us from Calais, Me., under date of June 17, in reply to a statement extracted from a letter from G. A. Sawtelle, published in our past issue, that he is "the general advertising agent and director for all publications for Howes & Cushing's Circus and Trained Animals." Further he says: "I have written the entire paper of Howes & Cushing, and direct all publications. The heading of every bill posted is written by me. Every line of *The Courier Journal* is original with me. Every circular, and even the tickets sold from the wagons, were gotten up by me."

VAN AMBURGH & CO.'S MENAGERIE was at Detroit, Mich., June 18, 19. Their route is Oxford 28, Pontiac29, Wayne 30, Wyandotte July 1, Flat Rock 2, Monroe 3.

FOUR CAGES OF ANIMALS belonging to America's Racing Association, and which were attached in Rochester, N. Y., last month, by various creditors or the Association, were sold there under the hammer, June 17, the sale realizing $1,400. The purchasers were *The Evening Express* Printing Company.

JOHN ROBINSON'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE began a week's season on the Union Ball Grounds, Cincinnati, O., on June 14, and, writes our correspondent, "business has been immense, notwithstanding several rainy days. The show is large, and the menagerie is one of the most complete ever seen in the city. In the ring, the riding of Robert Stickney and his fine vaulting bear off the honors, though, as a lady rider, Emma Lake ranks equally as high. Among the other performers, El Nino Eddie, John Wilson, George Sloman, Frank Robbins, Lewis Williams, Whitney and Davenport, Charles Macarty, John Lowlow and Mlle. Christine are prominent. Two street parades were given, which were much admired, two full bands being in the procession."

TWO ZEBRES—one an Arabian trick-horse and the other a gelding broken for bareback riding—are advertised for sale by John T. Wickersham.

"ZEKEKE" ROBINSON'S HIPPODROME is billed to show in Eau Claire, Wis., June 22, Chippewa Falls 23, Menominee 24.

HOWES' LONDON CIRCUS is to exhibit at Sterling, Ia., June 26, Boone 28, Marshall 29, Cedar Rapids 30, De Witt July 1, Clinton 2, Freeport, Ill., 5, Galena 6, Dubuque 7, Waterloo 8, Fort Dodge 9. The concert party with this show is reported as doing an excellent business. Mlle. Cordelia, who left May 17, rejoined the company on June 7.

THE DE HAVEN HIPPODROME is still detained in Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the employees are reported "dead broke." By their quiet deportment they have won the sympathy of the people of that town. Most of the workingmen have sold their claims for small sums and left for their homes. Dan Rice is still there, and talking of starting out again. A number of the people left for Cincinnati, O., on June 18.

THE EXCELSIOR CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE is in a collapsed condition in Prescott, Ont. A benefit was given the employes in that town on June 15. The show was run by a Mr. Taylor, and the animals are owned by J. N. French of Detroit, Mich.

J. M. CARRINGTON'S Great Southern Pavilion Circus is to show at Dandridge, Tenn., June 21, Sevierville 22, Maryville 24, Madisonville 26.

JUNE, NATHANS & CO.'s Big Bonanza Circus exhibited at Bridgeport, Ct., on June 16, to a light attendance. Our correspondent says: "The circus portion of the entertainment was superior to the generality of shows, but the menagerie was quite weak. This show has been taking in all the small towns and cities through Connecticut, and business has been shockingly poor. It was under consideration to jump immediately South."

JOHN HENRY COOKE the equestrian intends returning to America early next Spring, bringing over a horse of the Gray Eagle stock, which he claims has no superior in the sawdust arena. Mr. Cooke's address and particulars can be found in our advertising department.

A PARTNER is advertised for by W. L. P., to take an interest in a circus, or a responsible treasurer, who can furnish capital, is wanted.

MRS. FRANK J. HOWE, danseuse and song-and-dance lady, lately of Howes & Cushing's Circus, is at liberty to engage with a responsible circus-manager. See card.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE DE CASTRO TROUPE is billed at Warsaw, Wis., for June 21, Stevens Point 22, Amherst 23, Waupaca 24, when the season will close.

THE REMAINS OF THE LATE E. P. KENDALL.—We published an item in our issue of May 1 last stating that a movement was on foot to bring the remains of the late Mr. Kendall from England and reinter them beside those of his mother in Worcester, Mass. Contributions were solicited from professionals, and D. B. Hodges, the agent, promised to exert his influence among such of Mr. Kendall's friends and acquaintances as he might meet during his travels. The movement was undertaken without the knowledge of the sister of the late Mr. Kendall, who feels deeply pained at the publicity which has been given to her private affairs, and that such means should have been adopted to bring his remains hither. She now requests that no further steps may be taken in the affair, as, under the circumstances, she prefers that the remains shall lie where they are, and that no monument as proposed shall be erected.

MOZART HALL, Hopkinsville, Ky., can be rented through N. L. Baker, who advertises. It is furnished with new scenery, etc.

MISS EMMA WEBB gave an entertainment of readings and recitations at Hot Springs, Ark., June 11.

A MAN with capital to take a half interest in an entertainment and a musician are advertised for by L. W. Washburn.

LUNG-TESTERS AND LIFTING-MACHINES can be obtained of E. G. Smith, who advertises.

GUARD HALL, Denver, Colorado, is open for rental. It has a seating capacity of 600, is lighted with gas, and offers proper facilities for entertainments. Particulars are stated in the agent's card elsewhere.

A YOUNG MAN is desirous of learning the man-fish business. See card.

A CONTORTIONIST, tight-rope walker, magician, trapeze, and all kinds of specialty performers are advertised for by C. E. Newton, manager of the Warm Spring Indian Combination.

J. BRUCE, show-painter, publishes a notice to all parties who have been misleading his customers, and he also announces that at his studio in Brooklyn, N. Y., he is prepared to execute orders for all kinds of show-painting, panoramas, scenery, etc.

A SMALL CANVAS, Punch-and-Judy, magician, jugglers and paintings are wanted for a sideshow. See S. Harding's card.

HARRY WESTON, business manager or agent, advertises for an engagement.

E. ROSENBAUM, general agent of Washburn's Last Sensation, will be at Liberty July 12, and can be addressed as per card in this issue.

AT THE WALNUT-STREET HOUSE, Cincinnati, O., special inducements are offered to first-class amusement companies and the proprietor states through an advertisement that his hotel accommodations are excellent in every particular.

PEDANTO, acronaut and gymnast, is at liberty to make arrangements to perform at festivals, etc., and he also advertises a balloon for sale.

A. J. RIEL, Biliposter, Toronto, Canada, inserts his card in another column, and he is recommended by J. V. Strebig.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, late Jefferson Opera-house, Cumberland, Md., is advertised to rent during the Summer, by the night, week or month.

PRIVILEGES of all kinds can be rented of George Ware for his festival on the Albany, N. Y., Fair Grounds. See card.

A PARTY OF THREE instrumental performers and vocalists wish an engagement with a patent-medicine vender. See Harry Newton's card.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS in reference to the Academy of Music, Charleston, S. C., should be sent to John E. Owens, whose address find in our business department.

G. A. JOHNSON, scenic artist, is open for an engagement for the coming season. See advertisement.

PLAYS and dramatic works of all kinds and "Minstrel Guys and Endmen's Handbook" can be found at the establishment of the Happy Hours Company, which is advertised in this issue.

JOHN GEE offers as apprentices two children aged respectively four and two years. Address as per advertisement.

A STEREOPTICON for dissolving views, with one hundred and thirty-three slides and a complete outfit, is offered for sale by Theo. J. Harbach, whose address is published in another column.

A STEREOPTICON, with seventy views, etc., is offered for sale cheap by Ed. R. Perkins, whose address find elsewhere.

DICK MOORE, the billposter and recently elected Coroner of Louisville, Ky., was married on June 8 to Miss Florence Finley of that city. The attendance at the wedding was very large, and the wedding-presents, amounting to over one hundred, were mostly received from professional people. Mr. and Mrs. Moore left on the evening train for Chicago, and they will "do" the principal Western cities before they return.

PROF. CROMWELL in his art-lectures opens in Bridgeport, Ct., June 21, for six nights.

JOHN C. DENHAM, stage carpenter, who advertises, is prepared to fit out theatres and traveling companies with all the necessary paraphernalia, including machinery, scenery, etc.

SONGS are written to order by Saul Sertrew, who advertises.

THE LIZZIE ANDERSON gift show did not perform in Newark, N. J., as billed to do, the house the first night being so small as to discourage them from attempting further.

A FIRST-CLASS MAGICIAN is wanted by Andy McKay, business manager, who advertises also that he would like to hear from Le Tort, Blitz, Martino, McAllister, Harry Thompson, and Mary Olive.

A RELIABLE AGENT is wanted by Manager, who advertises.

SKETCHES, DRAMAS, BURLESQUES, etc., are written to order by I. Davesn. See card.

STARS AND COMBINATIONS desiring time for 1875-6 at Bidwell's Academy of Music, New Orleans, La., or at the Mobile Theatre, Ala., can address D. Bidwell, care of Simmonds & Wall.

MONKEYS of various kinds can be found advertised elsewhere.

J. KENNEDY offers a variety of snakes for sale. See card.

NEW CENTRAL THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., will open Aug. 16. A stock company, variety specialties, leader of orchestra, and other performers are wanted. See advertisement of the proprietors, Messrs. Kernan Bros.

PROF. WILLIAM WOODROFFE of Woodroffe & Nichols, Bohemian Glassblowers, was married in Brooklyn on last Wednesday evening, June 16, to Mrs. Mary H. Macfarland of that city. The happy couple are sojourning at Mr. W.'s residence at Melrose.

STUART'S LAST SENSATION opened to good business at Columbus, O., June 14, giving two performances daily under canvas up to the 17th, on which date they took possession of the Athenæum with the intention of putting in the rest of the week. Their programme is lengthy, embracing a regular minstrel first-part, negro sketches by Farrell, Robinson, and the Percy Brothers; trapeze by Art. and Ed. Anderson, song-and-dance by the Anderson midgets, staple-clog by Percy Brothers, bone-solo by Joe Caven, horizontal-bar and tumbling by the Andersons and Andy Spear, a neat brother-act by Arthur, Edward, and Charles Anderson, and "The Black Statue" by the company fills out the bill. An outside exhibition on the tight-rope was given previously to each performance by the child-artist Master Twigg. Route: Groveport, O., June 27, Carroll 22, Basil 23, Baltimore 24, Hebron 25, Newark 26. Advices of June 17.

WALTER S. REES, a son of James S. Rees, a writer and dramatic critic well known under the *nom de plume* of Colley Cibber, died in Philadelphia, Pa., on June 19, aged 20. He was a young man of much promise, and his father will have the sympathy of a large circle of friends and acquaintances in his severe affliction.

LON WORTHINGTON and pupil, Master Twigg, is to give an exhibition on the high rope, including feats on trapeze and rings suspended from the rope, at Columbus, O., July 4.

AMATEUR.

THE COLUMBUS, O., AMATEURS are to give "A Heart's Sacrifice" at Sargent's Athenæum June 24 for the benefit of a local charity mission.

THE ORLEANS DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of New Orleans, La., are to perform "Home" and "The Artful Dodger" at the Varieties Theatre June 23.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

WILLIAM GOMERSALL is now manager of Her Majesty's Opera-house, Aberdeen, Scotland.

J. K. EMMET began a three weeks' engagement on June 7 at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, Scotland. He is to play at Newcastle, Eng., one week, beginning June 28; Surrey Theatre, London, Eng., July 5, to continue the week; Birmingham, July 12, two weeks.

THE EMINENT TRAGEDIAN Emerich Robert, formerly of the Vienna Stadt Theatre, has been engaged by Strakosch to perform in Philadelphia during the Centennial Exhibition.

DIED, on May 31, after a long and painful illness, C. H. Hazlewood, whose name has for a long time been associated with a vast number of the dramatic novelties at the London minor theatres. Aged fifty-five.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO AN ACTOR.—Thomas Lacy, known as Joseph Oliphant, a comedian connected with the Theatre Royal, Castleford, was on May 27 the victim of a very serious accident. Having two pistols to fire in the part allotted him, he in a moment of excitement grasped the one in his right hand by the muzzle, and discharged both, the disastrous result being that the first finger and thumb of the right hand were literally blown off. He is now an inmate of the Leeds General Infirmary.

AMY STONE and H. F. Stone closed an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, Australia, April 30, acting in "Le Astray."

W. HOSKINS and Miss FLORENCE COLVILLE were performing at the Princess Theatre, Dunedin, Otago, New Zealand, during the week ending May 8.

IT WAS FOUND IMPOSSIBLE to obtain workmen in Whitsun week; but on May 20 several gangs of laborers commenced work on the strip of land on the Thames Embankment, upon which the new National Opera-house will, by February, 1876, have been erected. Mr. Mapleson has leased Drury-lane for next season, to provide for such emergencies as slipping of walls and other accidents; but as it will, in all probability, not be required for operatic purposes, Italian dramatic performances on a grand scale, with Signor Salvini and Signor Rossi, and perhaps Mme. Ristori, will be given there.

TURNING OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—The Court of Common Pleas, London, gave judgment on May 26 in the case of Chatterton vs. Cave, which was an action for the infringement of the plaintiff's copyright in the dramatic representation of a play called "The Wandering Jew," by Leopold Lewis, of which Mr. Chatterton and Mr. Benjamin Webster were assignees. The defendant had represented a version of the same play at the Marylebone Theatre, both versions being founded on Eugene Sue's well-known French novel and drama. Lord Coleridge, to whom the matter was referred by the consent of the parties, having read and compared the plays, came to the conclusion that the defendant's dialogue was altogether independent of the plaintiff's version; but that two scenes or tableaux, and the stage-business connected with them, were copied from the plaintiff's version. On those facts he entered the verdict for the defendant, reserving leave to the plaintiff to move the Court to enter a verdict for him for forty shillings damages. The case now came before the Court on a rule to this effect, and, after hearing the arguments, which extended over two days, the Court gave judgment for the defendant, discharging the rule. The question raised was, what was a proper definition of an infringement of dramatic copyright; when it was admitted that appreciable parts of a drama were copied, was an author or assignee entitled as matter of law to a penalty, or might a jury hold that the parts copied were not material and substantial in quantity or value, and did not amount to an infringement? The view of the statute was "production, or any part thereof," but that must mean material or substantial part. Lord Coleridge's finding, in fact, was that the parts copied were not material and substantial, and if it was left to the Court to consider whether that finding was warranted by the facts, the other members of the Court were of opinion that it was. The rule was therefore discharged, and judgment given for the defendant.

OUR FOREIGN ADVICES are up to June 6. At the London, Eng., theatres, the principal dramatic event of the week has been the appearance of Salvini as Hamlet at Drury-lane, a review of which may be found on another page. No important variation has been made in any programme of the West-end houses. At the Haymarket the last three weeks of the season were announced, the final performances of "Blue Beard" are now taking place at the Globe Theatre, the comedy season of the French plays at the Opera Comique was to close June 12, and M. Pitron on June 7 was to commence an operetta season at the Criterion with M. Humbert's celebrated Brussels company. During the week ending June 12 the last representations were given of the comedy of "Lady Flora" at the Court Theatre, in consequence of the production of Mr. Hamilton Aide's new three-act comedy-drama on June 12. At the Royalty, which was to shortly close in consequence of the company going on a Provincial tour, Madame Dolaro took her benefit on June 4, appearing as Peggy in a new local version of "Madame Angot." The career of "Girofle-Girofla" at the Criterion has closed, as has the engagement of Miss Ada Cavendish at the Standard, for whose benefit Mr. Sothern appeared on June 4 as Lord Dundreary. The new drama of "The Detective," just produced at the Mirror Theatre, has been considerably improved by judicious compression, and seems likely to increase in popularity. At the Surrey "Ship Ahoy" has been revived for a few nights. The last representation of "Hamilton's Excursions" will be given at Sanger's Amphitheatre on June 7. On June 5, James McTimer's adaptation of "La Dame aux Camellas" was produced at the Princess under the title of "Heartsease," and a new and original musical folly, entitled "The Zoo," written by B. Rowe, with music by Arthur Sullivan, was brought out at the St. James's Theatre.

MISS MAGGIE MOORE and J. C. Williamson were acting in "Kerry" and "The Fool of the Family" on May 5, at Sydney, New South Wales.

MUSICAL.

AN UNREHEARSED SCENE IN "GIROFLE-GIROFLA."—On the night of May 27, during the performance of "Girofle-Girofla" at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, Miss Catherine Lewis broke down suddenly, and fell into violent hysterics, just after finishing the duet under the breakfast-table, in the third act. Mr. Knight Aston, who, for the nonce, appeared to be the real instead of the assumed bridegroom, promptly carried his fair companion off the stage. The lady's sobs were heard distinctly at the front of the house, and—to use a hackneyed phrase—the effect can be better imagined than described, when she involuntarily introduced into the piece a little unexpected stage business by rushing on to the stage and carrying off a chair. After a short interval the stage-manager came to the front, offered an explanation, and requested that the curtain be lowered for a short time. This was done, and in about ten minutes the performance was resumed amidst loud and prolonged applause.

MLLE. TITIENS, who has at last decided to come to America in October next for a six months' tour, will not, however, be heard in opera, but in London, Eng., journals, but in concerts and oratorios only. She will not be heard at her best in the classical operas of which she is now said to be the only representative.

VARIETY HALLS.

AN ENGINE and carriages actually driven by steam across the stage are one of the sensational features of a sketch called "The Midnight Express," now being performed at the Steam Clock Concert Hall, Birmingham, Eng.

EXCITING SCENE AT THE SURREY GARDENS, LONDON, ENG.—Among the company engaged at the Surrey Gardens, Kennington, the place is occupied by Leonati, "the Spiral Bicycle Ascensionist." It is the business of this gentleman, in the interest of the lovers of the sensational, to make upon a bicycle the ascent and descent of a spiral platform, similar to that used some years ago at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere by the famous Pontriardo for a great globe-feat. On Monday last, about eleven o'clock, Leonati made the attempt, in the presence of a large number of spectators, to accomplish his difficult and seemingly impossible task. He first walked up and down the platform—erected on a small promontory on the lake—presumably to see that his path was clear. He then mounted his machine, which was of dazzling brightness, and, with a powerful limelight directed full upon him, set off on his perilous journey. He made three rounds of the platform, and then fell upon the concluding round. Little notice was taken of this, because, as everybody knows, it is not the correct thing to succeed in exhibitions of this kind at the first attempt. But the first failure was followed by a second, the second by a third, and when, in the fourth trial, the plucky and daring rider fell heavily, cutting his head against the bars, matters began to assume a serious aspect, and all but those with morbid tastes hoped ardently that the attempt would not be repeated. Leonati, however, appears to be a man of great determination. If he could not get up, at least he could come down; and so, amid the encouraging cheers of the spectators, he carried his bicycle to the top of the platform, and, once he mounted; again he started on his journey; but, alas! again he fell, and with difficulty succeeded in retaining his hold of the platform. Further disaster was to follow. At the next attempt he had completed three circuits, and was proceeding at a tremendous speed, when there was a sudden thud, a sudden splash, and everybody knew that Leonati was struggling desperately in the water. He was speedily rescued by friendly hands, and, with courage, we suppose, somewhat cooled by his terrible "header," he was conveyed to *terra firma* amid the applause of a sympathetic crowd. On Tuesday, it is said, the arduous feat was successfully accomplished.

DIED, on May 31, of consumption, James Henry Summerson, aged thirty-six. Deceased was buried on June 3 at Bournemouth Cemetery, among the mourners being his widow, his mother, and his late partner, F. Fothergill.

CIRCUSES.

SERIOUS AFFRAY BETWEEN CIRCUS EMPLOYES.—This case came before the magistrates at Westbury, Wilts, on May 28. The prisoner, William Reeves, a tentman in the employ of Mrs. Footitt, circus proprietress, was brought under warrant before Mr. H. G. Lindlow, charged with feloniously attempting to kill Samuel Plimmer, another tent-man in the same employ, on the night of the 22d, at Westbury. Mr. George Shoreland, surgeon, said when he was called to visit the wounded man, on the night of the occurrence he found a punctured wound on the left side of the abdomen, about two inch in length, from which protruded the large intestine, and a large volume of the smaller intestine. By making the incision larger, and by the aid of his son, Mr. E. Shoreland, he replaced the intestines, but did not, however, expect the man to live through the night. He was greatly surprised next morning to find he had rallied; but, the symptoms being so variable he could hold out no hopes of the man's recovery, and he was at present in a very precarious state. The prisoner, who reserved his defense, was committed for trial at the next Wilts Assizes, and the witnesses bound over to appear.

RIVAL MENAGERIES.—In the Court of Chancery, London, Eng., May 31, there was an appeal from a decision of Vice-chancellor Malins. A bill had been filed by Mrs. Edmonds against Mr. John Day to restrain the latter from advertising his menagerie as "Wombwell's Royal No. 1," or from using the name of Wombwell. The defendant contended that he had a right to the title, as he had bought at the sale at Edinburgh the greater portion of the collection and plant, including the large state saloon in which Wombwell lived and died, and that he had only used the names he had found on the carriages, banners, etc. The Vice-chancellor had ordered the injunction to stand over until the hearing, not being satisfied that the plaintiff had made good her claim to the exclusive use of the name of Wombwell. The plaintiff now appealed. Lord Justice James and Lord Justice Mellish were of opinion that the claim was too doubtful, and therefore dismissed the appeal.

FATAL ACCIDENT TO A PROFESSIONAL.—On May 29, Walter D'Altroy, while performing upon the horizontal bar at Ginnett's Circus at Bedford, fell and dislocated his neck. He was at once removed to the Infirmary, and expired within twenty-four hours. Deceased was interred on the 28th at Abney-park Cemetery.

AN IMMENSE HIPPODROME, capable of holding 15,000 persons, is in course of construction at the Champs Elysees, Paris, France. It will be ready for opening about July 15.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE RAINFORD & VIVIAN COMBINATION were giving drawing-room entertainments at the Queen's Theatre, Dunedin, Otago, New Zealand, on May 1. The company includes Arthur Vivian, T. H. Rainford and Miss Nellie Melville.

THE FAIRIE OF DOLU (Prof. Sylvester) was announced on May 1 to shortly commence a series of performances at Dunedin, Otago, New Zealand.

J. E. MACDONOUGH'S MARIONETTES were to commence a season May 8 at the School of Arts at Sydney, New South Wales.

E. D. DAVIES, ventriloquist, began an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, Australia, May 1.

LETTING IN OTHELLO.

It happened one afternoon, when the great tragedian Edmund Kean was advertised to perform his favorite character of Othello, he received a visit from his body surgeon, who had called upon him with the kind intention of looking after his health. Being at that time perfectly well, the tragedian took upon himself to exchange characters with his medical friend, and prescribed some draughts for him, "to be taken immediately," which proved so agreeable that the dose was very soon ordered "to be repeated." The pharmacopœia of Kean's cellar, which contained some of George IV's Port-royal, was not to be declined; and occupied in the pleasing passing of the glasses, the hour for commencing the performance arrived much sooner than was expected, and Budd, the time-honored housekeeper of the theatre, appeared to summon the tragedian to his nightly duty.

A crowded house was anxiously expecting him, the orchestra had been played through for fourthmes, and had scraped through the antiquated overtures of old Rhomberg, till at last the spectators began to be impatient, and were calling for the tragedian in no very gentle terms.

In the hilarity of the moment, the illustrious Edmund consigned them to the eternal Tophet, and swore that he would not leave the house and go out to perform that evening to please anyone. If they could get him on the stage without his having to go out of the house, he'd play, but not otherwise; if they couldn't, the audience must be content with the performance of his friend the surgeon, who would, as usual, give a medical certificate of his (Kean's) indisposition. This the surgeon readily agreed to do.

How was this obstinate determination to be got over? Poor Budd was in the greatest perplexity; the honest housekeeper began to fear for the safety of the structure entrusted to his care. At length the very exigence of the emergency inspired him with an idea.

"Agreed, sir," said he: "Dress for your part—here are your things—tunic, trunks, burnt cork and pomatum; all ready; and I promise you, you shall not have to go out into the air, but shall perform without."

"I agree to that, friend Budd," said Kean triumphantly, seeing no way by which it was to be accomplished; "but you'll find your hopes nipped in the *bud* here, depend on it."

"We shall see, sir," said the housekeeper; "only dress and follow me, and you shall very soon find yourself on the stage without the trouble of treading the green."

Kean began to black his face, and Budd retired to put his project into execution. Fortunately for the audience, it happened that the coal-cellar of the dwelling-house was only divided from the pit of the theatre by the party-wall that ran through the two structures. The pitites were very soon astounded by a most mysterious knocking in this direction, resembling that of the far-famed Cock-lane ghost.

Thump—thump—thump—proceeded in quick succession from some invisible workers, and in a very few moments part of the wall began to give way—bricks and mortar tumbled about in all directions, affording serious apprehensions that the whole house was giving way, as a cloud of dust arose. A large aperture appeared, and from the dark recesses of the coal-cellar emerged the triumphant Budd, with the noble Moor, the sooty hero of the night, who thus kept his oath, and yet did not disappoint his audience.

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RED CLOGS	per pair from	$3 50 to 4 50
CLOWN SUITS	from $6 00 upwards.	
STRIPED STOCKINGS	per pair,	1 75
SPANGLES	per lb.	3 25
SKULL CAPS	75c. each, upwards.	
SUPPORTERS	each,	1 00
MAKE UP BOXES	each,	1 00
PREPARED BURNT CORK & CLOWN WHITE, in boxes of 1/4, 1/2, 3/4 & 1 lb.	per lb.	2 00
NEGRO WIGS	each, $1 50, $2 50 &	3 50
CHARACTER WIGS	from $4 00 upwards.	
MUSTACHES	each, 15 to	50
WHISKERS AND BEARDS	per set, $1 25 to	3 50
BOXING GLOVES, per set of 3 pairs, from $6 00 upwards.		
HORSE FLIES, Plain and Fancy Colors, 18 in. per doz.		$2 00
CALF STOCKING PADS	per pair,	4 00
CALF AND THIGH PADS	per pair,	10 50
LONG BURLESQUE S